

Fashion Statement: The Shape of Suits to Come

Esquire

Man At His Best

OCTOBER 1987 PRICE \$2.50

NOW THAT'S FUNNY!

Who's Wild, What's
Crazy, and Why Comedy
Is Better Than Ever

Martin Amis Takes
On the Washington
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USA Today:
Why Good News
Is No News

Travel Hot Spots for
the Winter Ahead



*Steve Martin,
Sharp as a Tack*

Corsica.

The sport sedan that puts the road in your hip pockets, without turning them inside out.



Look for a
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6.60
The cost of ownership is just one of the many ways

Unlike some, we do not measure a sport sedan's performance capabilities by the number of figures to the right of the dollar sign.

Hence, new Corsica. It has a drag coefficient of 0.33. Sleek enough to beat the Porsche 928S in the wind tunnel.

But since you probably don't often drive in a wind tunnel, Corsica also offers an optional 2.8 Liter, aluminum-head, 130-horsepower Multi-Port Fuel Injected V6. Just in case you're interested in power (Obviously, we are.) It has a Getrag-licensed manual 5-speed that's as quick as any

hairpin you're likely to encounter. And it has rear trailing arm suspension to leave tight curves asking what just went by.

Which leaves only the price. And while Corsica takes great pride in matching or exceeding certain other sport sedans in many areas, that of price isn't one of them.

- Drag coefficient of 0.33.
- Available 2.8 Liter Multi-Port Fuel Injected V6 with 5-speed.
- Roomiest 4-door compact sedan in America.
- Available 1-41 Sport Suspension.
- 5-year/60,000-mile powertrain warranty.*

*See your Chevrolet dealer for details and conditions of this limited warranty.

THE
Heart of the Road
OF AMERICA

TODAY'S
CHEVROLET

Salvatore Ferragamo, the "Shoemaker of Dreams", was decidedly one of the most innovative designers in the history of shoes. His well made shoes created shoes for the world's most famous feet. Today, Ferragamo continues in the spirit of its founder, exploring both classical and contemporary styles.

Symbol of his timeless elegance, the mule wing tip shoe, introduced to preserve its natural beauty. A model from the Ferragamo collection that is always a contemporary classic.

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"Your feet look like the shoes you wear."

Salvatore Ferragamo, *Aphelography*

Salvatore Ferragamo

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& ALBERT
MUSEUM
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S1 1AA, LONDON

Salvatore Ferragamo
The Art of the Shoe 1927-1960

A major retrospective by the
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Exhibition closed national
21 October 1993 - 3 February 1994

The exhibition is open
Monday to Thursday and Saturday 10.00 - 5.00
Sunday 14.00 - 5.00
Closed Friday, 14.00 - 5.00 and 1 day
Open Wednesday - Sunday 10.00 - 5.00



He made it up here in a pair of Reeboks

It takes more than a chairlift to get to the top of La Clusaz.

You've got to run five miles a day. Do a few hundred leg lifts. And for good measure, spend a couple of hours sweating on the court of your choice.

Which means you need a pair of shoes that can carry you from a bench press to a hip sled. With a quick stop at the track in between.

A pair of shoes designed specifically for sports conditioning. A pair of Reebok® Pro Workout shoes.

Their Lateral/Medial Support Straps keep your foot secure through three sets of lunges, four sets of calf raises, and five sets of wind sprints.

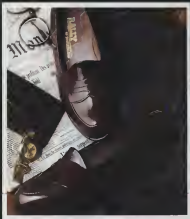
And when you find yourself standing under a squat rack with two hundred and fifty pounds balanced on your shoulders, you'll appreciate the support our dual density midsole offers.

So whether you're working on strength, flexibility, or endurance, our shoes let you be tougher on yourself when you're on your feet. And easier on yourself when you're not.

Reebok
Pro Workout



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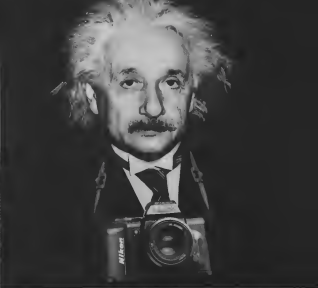
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See Reader Service Card on page 105.



PERRY ELLIS SUITS

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Journal of Management Inquiry 15(4)



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With Gel Exfoliant...
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**PROGRAMME
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SOME SOLES ARE MORE ETERNAL THAN OTHERS.



Upon close examination, you will discover that all loafers should not be judged on looks alone. Some have the sole of a true Timberland.

You see, Timberland loafers have unique patented, honey rubber



"tap sole" inserts in the heel and sole. They act as shock absorbers and prevent wear in the places where time takes its toll on ordinary loafers. The glove leather lining will surround your

feet in comfort. And the colors are tanned all the way through the hide so they won't crack or wear away.

While your Timberland loafers may

not achieve immortality, you'll be eternally grateful you bought them.

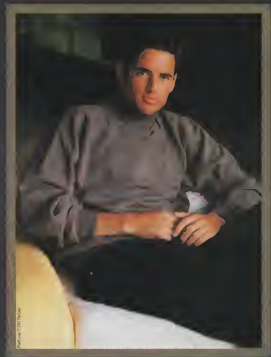
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LANVIN
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La noblesse de l'élégance captured in space and time by Lanvin at the Grand Hôtel, Paris

Lanvin, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104.

Available at Neiman Marcus



Style icons that once dictated the ever-requisite navy suit are now played out in new color palettes—including this autumn's array of browns, tans, and rusts. Navy and gray take on new dimensions when highlighted with a subtle stripe or plaid, underscored with an unexpected color or texture.

Tailored in a new "SuperSoft" construction that lends a sense of ease and comfort, this richly textured charcoal gray suit comes to life with the added event of a subtle camel stripe. Chosen from the world's leading mills, the rich worsted wool used in all Hart Schaffner & Marx suits project an air of quiet confidence, elegance, and authority. Such a sophisticated, refined look naturally allows for greater license in your choice of accessories—those final touches that put your distinctive mark on a suit. A custom-and-gold bow tie lends that touch of personal style to an already well-suited look.

Suspenders add an updated look to any suit and offer another mode of personal expression. Because even the most professional of looks can be undermined by your dressing, Hart Schaffner & Marx's ladies finish each suit by hand, hand-sewn buttonholes and contemporary stitching are features among the expert finishing touches that add class-day-to-day extra comfort, while double-forward pleats are

a flattering style alternative with the added benefit of comfort. Chest pockets are sewed in place always, for flat. Trousers are lined to the knee for added comfort when sitting.



With the changing face of American business comes a change in business entertaining, which is no longer confined to smoke-filled men's clubs where corporate uniforms were de rigueur. Today, color and patterns have made fashion invade into almost every business arena. Pinstrets, parquet patterning, and cowpards prove that today's business leader can confidently opt for innovation and personal expression. Here, a traditional four-button double-breasted suit is spiced with an adventurous pattern—a double-colored, blast/camel woadowpear plaid that stands out on a textured background.



A more colorful shoulder and a shaped silhouette give this suit a de-cadence fashion-forward appeal. Critical points of construction are hand-sewn: lapels are elegantly shaped to follow the lines of the chest, the collar is meticulously tailored to hug the neck, carefully constructed armholes allow for greater movement and comfort.

THEN...



For a hundred years, American businessmen have known that Hart Schaffner & Marx means superb tailoring, superior fabrics, including comfortable pure wool, and styling that fits the man as well as his times. Hart Schaffner & Marx, the Right Suit® since 1887. For the Hart Schaffner & Marx retailer in your area, call toll-free 1-800-FASHION.



**Hart
Schaffner
& Marx.**

100TH ANNIVERSARY

AND NOW.



THE RIGHT SUIT.





The subtle interplay of underlines, textures, color, and patterns seen in Hart Schaffner & Marx suits is easily complemented with a wide variety of accessories. Experimenting with shirts and ties is one way to achieve personal style while respecting the versatility of a suit and adding a new twist to a traditional look. Accessories discussed in this section include ties

by Bear and shirt from Terzo Shermakers.



A travel-heavy schedule is a given for any sophisticated, successful businessman. Changing climates, long hours spent away, and an itinerary that often includes more than a few different functions in one day demand that a business wardrobe be versatile and comfortable. This single-breasted camel-and-blue-striped herringbone suit is tailored in an exquisite lightweight worsted wool, hand-chosen for its color and wrinkle resistance. The clean, simple lines of this look, accentuated by besom pockets and reverse-pleat trousers, can accommodate a variety of colors and patterns in shirts and ties. To help preserve the shape of the garments (even through repeated dry cleaning), all Hart Schaffner & Marx suits are underpinned and specially treated to stand up to any travel conditions—inclement or otherwise.

Photographs by John Gaudman. Right: Michael McCloskey. Ties: Terzo Shermakers. Shirts: Bear. Suit: Hart Schaffner & Marx.



The same appreciation of quality, discerning taste, and individual expression reflected in a sophisticated man's home is brought to bear on all Hart Schaffner & Marx suits. In this respect, a multicolored glen plaid suit fulfills a dual purpose: it's equally ap-

propriate for a deal closing or a theater opening. Tones of blue, crimson, and gold are bright variations on a glen plaid theme that serve to put this suit in a class by itself. Like all Hart Schaffner & Marx innovations, these details define a style of leadership.

THEN...AND NOW

THE RIGHT SUIT.



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AN EXPLORER'S JOURNAL

Philip Margit

Living the Blues

FIRST THE DRIVING: PAUL Butterfield died at forty-four, just as his career was at the midst of a steady climb upward, sustained by people outside music circles, the very white kids, new adults, to whom he had first brought the blues. He died of some wild combination of heroin, Librium, and alcohol. He had a Budweiser funeral attended by his two ex-wives, his two boys, and the woman he was then seeing.

I remember clearly the first time I heard him. It was in crossing in 1965, and the drummer in the soul-stone blues-rock band for which I played then getting told all of us to come back to his house at six our gig and listen to this great new album. Some fellow from Chicago dropped the blues. Two or three of us stopped by. Someone handed me an album cover with a picture of a bunch of guys—some black, some white. They were a few years older than we were, and they were looking against a wall in a flat-down-town. They were wearing sweatshirts, T-shirts and jeans. This was not at all the kind of popular Kennedy years, and nobody posed for album covers looking that way. What was going on here? On the back of the cover, printed in bold letters, was the message: **PLAY TWO RECORDS**

AT THE BIGGEST POSSIBLE VOLU-
ME. I remember he was one of the black guys, but not tall, not as white as the rest of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. Unbelievable. I do not remember how long we sat and listened that night. But I was still listening to that same album more than twenty years later, just weeks before Paul Butterfield died.

I was not listening alone. For when Paul Butterfield died was help the blues to rise over

from an essentially black audience with a certain bubble when audience into a mainstream sound that not only had its own large white audience but had a tremendous influence on all of rock music. Butterfield did this both with his own singing and playing, and also with his talent for writing groups when he formed the original group anchored the great guitarist Elvin Bishop and the legendary Mike Bloomfield. One of his later groups included the saxophone David Sanborn, among others.

Maybe all this does not sound like such a big deal. But if you went through to maturity in the mid-States, believe me, it was important.



Was there any other way for Paul Butterfield to go?

For one thing, Butterfield's was the first electric-instrument group to be invited to perform at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965. On the day of that performance, Bob Dylan appeared on stage and, backed by Butterfield's group, performed his second acoustic live-instrument by using an electric guitar for the first time. It was a day that heralded a revolution in popular music, and there has not been an equivalent event in the last decade.

Now THE REVEREND BUTTERFIELD was born into a middle-class family in a Chicago suburb. He was both athletic and brilliant, an all-star track runner and a talented classical flutist. In high school he made friends with Chicago's South Side, where he listened to and jammed with the great blues players coming through on the old black "blues circuit"—Howie Wolf, Muddy Waters, Otis Rush, and others. He adopted the hard-boiled style of the great Little Walter during those years, but he made it his own. After turning down a scholarship to Brown, he went to the University of Chicago, where he met Elvin Bishop. They formed a band employed at clubs, where Elektra Records found them for their first album, the very successful *Willie and the Hand Jive*.

A number of years and additional albums followed. Butterfield broke out. He had fans—enough to earn a good living. And he had the respect of the press. Some time after the announcement of Butterfield's death, on a flight from London to New York, I happened to meet Michael Kamen, the film composer who did the music for *Braveheart* and *Leslie*. We were and had produced Phil Perry. He had known Butterfield and a number of guys who had played with him. We talked about the music, but the conversation drifted to one another. Later, I tracked him down and said I wanted him to

Starch.



No Starch.



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POLO & RALPH LAUREN

MAN AT HIS BEST

A Gentleman's Guide to Quality and Style



MATERIAL VALUE

Made on the Place

You can think of it as "country and western" furniture, its lines and rhythms as simple and familiar as its old song. That may explain why Weylan Keeney and Jess Colter are among its enthusiasts, but not why a Queens broker has two North Carolina roomers employed in its dining room with his flower chairs. Most collectors get call for "plain-style furniture," this rough, simple stuff, usually of pine or poplar, only sparsely ornamented but so sturdy a build and proportion as southern backwoods churches or doghouses.

Some plain-style furniture was made by local uneducated craftsmen, many of whom had moved south from Baltimore or Philadelphia—and who frequently doubled as coffinmakers

were late to appreciate their own plain furniture, which possesses a different combination of simplicity and strength.

If Shaker furniture turned appreciation to perfection, then southern plain furniture seems almost proto-postmodern—its tapering legs and ogee arches borrowing from archaic chairs—a Greek Revival pediment or Gothic conchoidal, according to the fashion of the day. From places as far as Florida may seem, long gone, but not long ago there was a show of the furniture by the ex-convict Memphis group in Memphis, Tennessee. And collectors of plain style need to be young enough to be aware of modern current designs.

Like collards, plain furniture is an acquired taste. But enough people have recently acquired it that there have been, like Sheraton's fashions, are leaving out all over the inland South. They are called "pickers," as if it were ones of cotton they were following instead of legs, chest and desks or sugar chests. They roam the estate sales and flea markets, even the newfangled "antique malls."

And because the pickers know more about the furniture than most of its owners do, in the houses who sometimes get picked. Stories abound of hundreds bought off old pickup trucks for \$100, then sold for \$1,000.

The use of pine style has much more to do with where the furniture came from than what it looks like. Southern collectors tend to like close-knit circles, and many of them are associated only in families from their own home states. So-called Levitts, who were Danish-Lavender American Amish in Atlanta, carried all sorts of furniture. Can't come world come in and at most her porch, but ask, "Don't you have anything better?" Their question inspired her to look around what she found, talking to her buyers and looking at country antique stores, was plain-style furniture. She helped put together a show

at the Atlanta Historical Society called *Need Pieces*, which helped the Georgia craftsmen for plain furniture.

Robert Hicks, who works in music publishing in Nashville, grew up in a house full of Pennsylvania and New York antique furniture.

Customers would come in and ask, "Don't you have anything local?"

where his parents collected—from mahogany and cherry pieces. When he began working in music publishing, he began to acquire some of the same sort of furniture. This one day about five years ago, he stopped at a little mom-and-pop antique store in the country near his home in Franklin, Tennessee, just to see if anything interesting had drifted in. Instead, he found a little table of vaguely Hepplewhite shape that became the first piece he bought. The first piece he bought. The first piece he bought a dealer as well as a collector.

Plain furniture is to be found from Maryland and Virginia south and west, along the bottom of Georgia, South and Carolina migration that moved west into Tennessee and Kentucky and fanned out through Alabama and Louisiana into Texas. It was in his home or on the rough pine is feature of the genre, hardly the most modest period by the master cabinet-maker, is displayed as if its patterns were the making of forest cops. The backs of some pieces have been carved with an ordinary shanty, with an effort made to carve the rough and weathered look.

In addition to the tables and cupboards, there are plain-style beds, ladder-back chairs,




*The rough grain
is displayed as if
it were the mottling
of forest oaks.*

Some plain-rye farmers shows signs of being misled on "higher" yields—Federal or European. And part of its charm comes from the sense of its recovery from the models—an indication of an enthusiasm of the original. That, of course, is also why it was broken.

that meant the poem was one of the oldest he had come across. When he was back, he found the table had already been sold to another collector. He finally persuaded him to part with it, but the price had risen to \$700.

—Paul Fournier



I worry that my writing and behavior may not be enough, that one day you might walk into one of the better men's shops and see a rack of silk, velvet, turtlenecks and think, "Well, why not? If the wire should come upon you."

Also very much like the one we now call an *asot* fire appeared in Asot around 1700. It was a somewhat very soft event. The

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C.E.

3. in oral



C.B. in orange.

WITH A LITTLE CBRANDY AND ORANGE JUICE, JOHNNY IS VERY GOOD INDEED.

type worn with a morning coat and a wing collar and fastened with a jeweled rockpin. It wasn't worn with an open shirt or tied around the bare neck the way an ascot is. So the two are actually the same. In fact, the British don't use the word *ascot* in connection with top-of-the-stuff, what we call an ascot they call a *cravat*. In any case, the present uniform at Ascot calls for neither a cravat nor an ascot (what is fast is).

When you get right down to it, though, the ascot as we know it is a direct descendant of the standard white linen necktie that Isaac Brummell and Lord Byron wore in the early nineteenth century. Brummell spent hours at the foot of the mirror giving the fabric just right and the knot as tight as a perfect. A visitor once remarked Brummell's "tight standing center is a pile of tangled linen cloth and void." "What a flout!" he retorted scornfully. "There, sir, are our failures."

Among the dozens of knits used in Brummell's day, there were two that resembled the

ascot: *ascot*, with one end hanging straight down in front; *The Art of Tying the Cravat*, published in 1828, identifies one of those knots as "The American," which suggests that somewhere along the way, America may have laid its mark to do with the origin of ascots in Brummell and the Ascot races. Not that it changes anything. Ascots are still as much in vogue today and require a hairdresser.

Should you be so inspired, however, despite these warnings, the least I can do is tell you how to tie your ascot so it won't fall down or ride up on your neck. Tie it again if you were tying a regular four-in-hand knot—most are tied twice around the collar, then bring it up behind and over, just don't pull the forward end through the loop. Then put on a smoking jacket and stay home where no one can see you. The monk, I suppose, even if it would help, but would I explain it in public, wearing an ascot? To borrow a phrase from the Master of Representatives: Certainly not. —John Brummell



THE DRINKING MAN Grand Andalusians

Ever since Donke delivered the *Amorosa*, Spain has been a glorious land, the patron saint of noble horses, the hard-luck case. Its brandy is no exception. In the Middle Ages, the pot still came to Spain courtesy of the Moors (al-

cohol itself is an Arabic word), and it was the Catalan alchemist Arnau de Vilanova who wrote the first treatise on stillmaking. A prophet without honor in his own country, he watched fortify as the cubic art passed to France, while backward Spain missed and

scrabbled behind.

In the mid-nineteenth century, Spain benefited from a dose of pure dumb luck. For years the country's thorny producers had supplied Dutch liquor makers with a distilled spirit called *Andolina* ("Hollander"). On one occasion a large order being filled by the house of Domagac was canceled, and the casks left behind in the farm cellars. Years later, the cellarmaster tipped one up, took a whiff, and—*Al!*—Spanish brandy was born. The rest is history—or would have been, only he can really look much wiser. Spain has difficulty turned out a genuine product (other for the world's largest producer and consumer of brandy), but France still seems to own the patent.

Perhaps terminology has been to blame. The Spanish actually call their stout *uvas*, which means the French and confuse the consumer, but it differs fundamentally from cognac. The method of production in Jerez de la Frontera, where almost all of Spain's best brandy comes from, relies on the *solera* system used to make sherry. This is perfectly legal, since sherry makers have used the brandy. They use a one old sherry cask, made from American oak, basically a permanent scheme with no losses, the *solera* method calls for casks to be cracked or bled, the youngest brandy on top, the oldest on the bottom. When brandy is drawn off the bottom new *solera* brandy, some of the contents of each row move to the row underneath. The older brandy "educates" the younger, and the graduated system of aging and blending ensures a uniform product.

Not surprisingly, Spanish brandy emerges with an entirely different set of characteristics from cognac. The less expensive brands, which often represent terrible bargains at two dollars or so, are sweet, smooth, and full-bodied. In the history of Jerez brandy, José de las Cuevas delights in describing the masculine, unadorned variety of Spanish spirit, which has "the strength and refinement of the traffic, of the roots of the earth." Examples of off-label brands are Osborne's *Magno*, Agustin Barquero's

Frige II, and Domagac's *Pardalero*. The latter should be required drinking for any reader of *Hemingway*; it plays a cameo role in *The Sun Also Rises*.

The top-of-the-line brands,

**The magnificent seven
can give the average
VSOP cognac a run
for its money.**

generally known to solve your *uvas*, are the pride of Spain, aged an average of twenty to twenty-five years and exhibiting a far greater range and character than the more popular brands. They are (with the maker's name in parentheses) Cardenal Mendosa (Guadalupe Ramiro), Carlel (Domagac), Conde de Orliz (Schonewitz), Gran Capata (Gloria del Rio), Gran Duque de Alba (Don Melillo), Legado (Guadalupe Ramiro), and Tercero (Don Tercero). All are produced in the Jerez district, and the Spanish government seems certain to give legal status to the denomination "Brandy de Jerez."

At twenty-five hundred dollars a bottle, the magnificent seven can give the average VSOP cognac a run for its money. The *uvas* gold Legado is a dry, fragrant brandy with considerable texture, sharing with the slightly sweeter dark-brown Gran Duque de Alba a pungent racy aroma. In the middle of the spectrum lies Cardenal Mendosa, a rich, almost chocolatey brandy that points the way toward the fairly complex Conde de Orliz, whose original distillation is stopped with almonds, pears, apricots, and honeyberry.

For the future of Spanish brandy, Americans might look to *blended*, which has given us two major drink trends in recent years: the *blended* and *blended* beer. Let it be noted that the most popular Mexican drink after beer is *Pardalero*, a brandy from Domagac. The cheap northwest country is a matter of time, and if the glass goes according to plan, some of the best brandy will come out after Colombia, will retain the flavor and discover Spain.

—William Gruber



Fashion that won't suddenly become unfashionable.

The Significance Of Classic Structures.

by Michael Graves



¹ This article is a translation of the original article by the author, which was published in the Russian journal *Pravovedenie* (Law Science) in 1998. The author is grateful to the Russian Ministry of Justice for the opportunity to publish this article in English.

During a presentation to a client the other day I was asked a rather provocative question. He said, 'Tell me, why is it that your buildings look so traditional and so new at the same time?'

I was rather surprised at first, but then I realized that his comment tells us something important about where we are in architecture and design today. I guess I have not forgotten the lessons that 5,000 years of architectural history have taught us.

And what a history
it's been.

The Parthenon. The Colosseum. The great cathedrals of Europe.

At the same time, though, I am trying to re-interpret those traditions in a modern form.

For me, the things that

endure are those that blend the traditions we all know with the spirit of new invention. The familiarity of the past as one with the freshness of the present.

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How much time does it take to read this article?

MAN AT HIS BEST



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Amnesia in Polynesia

Surprising place, Fy. The roads are so big your golf balls will get lost down their burrow holes. Half the population is Indian, with a smattering of Chinese, so it's possible to wander into a laid-back, loopy place and get sucked into an atmosphere of commerce so

starring that 1998 snowstorm movie *Laws*. Raymond Burr wins the spot to grow another Taj Mahal to save a comeback. And something else you didn't know until you got here: Despite the crocheted heels, Fly may be the most elegant of the place in the South-Sea. The trays of if you come for dinner and devour these goodies to stay the week on the grounds that there's no room, without. They live and have more and, as to build an addition to the spot.

ing that it's only the landlubber's first experience. To get a taste of the real excitement in this weird, semi-sterile, semi-pandemic paradise, you've gotta put yourself in north end hands for a cruise to the outer western islands of the Yucatan Group. (Yes, the ones where the cat that Shaggy killed, The Blue Lagoon. Those islands. The water I hear you'll witness the Flying Hospitalists full-blown. If resides in their stately wing, they stick their arm out full-length and wad of the palm-like larger than-life signals. If resides in the hairy way they may have more fail-

Look around the boat. It's not particularly fancy or, for that matter, shipshape. The anchor looks like it may not track more than

size (it will). The food looks like a won't-the-tamers-in-the-cave-of-Gower's won't, but it's something the lactating chocolate calls in me with a spring of pearly on top. The crew looks like me, with such hair and swaggers, but they're asked things. For all their bulk they're got frangipane on their face. In the first round, —a really blue hair— I take to grab a pearly and think only one of my stomach. It placed the first egg you've concluded that the entire passage later (reordered), the same way for people you might share a waning lottery number with (reordered). They may even deposit a touch —the Australian show someone a second in

You'll be afraid either there or at night, depending on how much you've shed out publicly and hundreds deliver a night per person, take better. Four hours each day are spent crying through the palm skin in water that's actually anchored the most-often used actual renal great blood that's unfiltered many medicinal means. The rest of the time you're at work, live in such health care where doctors do the whole body. A few of these

And, you explain, will manifest the Paganus Paradisi Phenomenon: said to be a second or prehistoric form of lucidity, not a result of how a person begins, but of how they progress. But most are unambiguously by body and not by brain. (If you meet up with the latter, you may well go into a coma—most often, breaking instinctively, you'll tell your shoulders away in an unthought of fling.) Such a very deep sense of tension, however, that, you suspect they had in mind for the past. 2) Wind will be the perfect tone, water will be the perfect color, clouds will come to exactly the right mist to ease the bite of the sun. Willows will perfume the air. Swallows will be the

ent-penny. And when twilight arrives, you'll acknowledge that it's a...enchanted. But remember this, it is necessary at last to know love.

To know love you must understand it's not a...alcoholic. "That the Fugate was very possibly no no, not an alcoholic at all. No, it's a dog. The perfect model of a dog for a human house, because the crushed root of the pepper plant, with a tag, three glass water and extreme cold, it's in a half."

plumbeus will forswear K mart-type plastic wood soaked bowls, if they really put on the ritz. Scenarios involving longtail, some h's, one p of corallifish, like the last anemones with the dentist. Snapper strong enough to tag in the local both control. Hangover capable of eating, grown men go around for two days punching their foreheads.

A nearby island where you score some pepper rice from the local chef. Who wants to come back to the ship with you. So there you are, the seventy-four-year-old

*They dish out
the most hospitable
drink ever
devised by huma-
nitarianism.*

chased you into thermal some water-logged dingley—he's wearing ancient keds with no laces, he's wearing a rippled, short-sleeved shirt, a tie, a NOWHATCUTOF HORN, he's got a bump on his stone-bald pate that isn't exactly the shape of a lily, and he's so worked you fear he's going to fall overboard and drown. Chief exaggerated! Intransigent incident! "Shouldn't the Chief wear a life preserver?" you press. With drunken indignity, the Chief ignores you a moment—then his lizard bump bulges with the earnest "The Chief does not wear a life preserver," unsmiling.

Back onboard the ship, Oscar sensory-puffs up again. As he roared and roared the lava bowl goes, and it comes pouring forth in waves of the last place on earth to give up eating human flesh. Maybe that's why their hospitality is difficult, you think, they're compensating for a heavy dose of bad karma. In any case, you and your co-captain pull up all going progressively very tight, the anchor is tuck away, you're stranded in the middle of the South Pacific where towns



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you wouldn't be caught dead saying it home—home is a place that runs on its own terms. As one by one your friends drift off to uncharted regions of the night, you venerate them all, as each and every one at least to the Chief, but in your bare-knuckled solitude what will happen tomorrow, don't you? You (I love his address) Chief!

have stolen your breakfast! Or some other adventure will take place in the anything-can-happen paradise, and on a whole new course you'll surely lose your life as a technician with Te! Mahal! But that, at this city, is another story. (For reservations, contact Elia Lajon Chaves, P.O. Box 54, Laredo, Tex.)

—Shantel Ann Rose



THE SEASONED COOK The Toast of Tuscany

Nowadays, when even your local crop of milk canisters store aside every rustic bit for some shade of pumpkin-socked or those little cheese pigs dangling on sticks get like white tags at an international dinner food of Barchin's evening, looking to who p. up. Some-made bread might well be taken for the kind of myth and controversy not common to people who are either self-identified bread or approaching the great milkable divide, or my be both. There's probably more than one theory. Properly the urge to work out the old kneading arm strikes during one of those black Saturday afternoon slumps is a ritual of self-reliance to quiet some of the most powerful. You've been mending slowly through an end-of-week-blues season when, suddenly, the whole lot and suddenly richer into focus

and your options seem clearer. Knead, knead, knead, or get out the yeast.

Less of water, it's not hard to see, there's a lot to be said for going with the bread. Take the measure, a deep red dust colored by a lady like a home-made Italian, tucked snug in the surface with a cherry winter and a small, whole, whole like new out green kneading in the summer sun. Most of the time we take for granted who's holding the form (the sandwich) together. There's a change, feel the heart of the rugged loaf when you take a down the oven, can't see it and sure the salty goodness is a warm, chocolate.

Call it country bread, peasant bread, or stuff of life, such signs of daily life as it is, as a really simple, simple of those past years made for daily eating. The ingredients for them have been the same for centuries—yeast, flour, water, a pinch of salt—

worked and reworked by Italian bakers in various permutations of flour and ingenious refinements of shape and technique. Over the years this traditional quest has produced a grand array of Italian breads, as rich in their variety as the regions that created them.

One of the best varieties is from Tuscany, where bread is treated with the same respect as the exquisite regional olive oil. Tuscans use less of a simple in their cooking the way northern Italians employ rice and southern regions pasta. Tuscans bread or poor Tuscans (deliciously a triangular-shaped loaf) is unique because it contains no salt. Its slightly bland, mild flavor makes an excellent counterpart to the salty preservation and vinegars, pungent meats and saucers that truly are the region's reality. Also, salt-free bread does not absorb moisture, when stale it becomes dry like bread.

Local cooks are the style bakers in each variety specialties in olive oil, a soup of bread, bread, bread, bread, and vegetables, and pasta, a new bread made with bread flour, butter, and oil, and vinegar, a new bread, and more from Tuscany. For the ultimate word on this object of emotional local pride, Tuscans differ to their favorite recipe, Dante. Antiquarian his powerful note from Florence: he learned in the "Piemonte." "How better and salt than the ancient one!"

Tuscan Bread

The Sprout:
1 cup dry yeast
1 cup lukewarm water
1/2 cup unbleached all-purpose flour

1. Stir the yeast into the water in a bowl and dissolved, let it stand ten minutes until the mixture looks foamy.
2. Add the flour and the salt to the dough in a warm place until it has doubled, about one and a half hours.

The Dough:
1/2 cup lukewarm water
1/2 cup unbleached all-purpose flour

1/2 cup whole-wheat flour
Pinch of salt (optional)
1/2 cup lukewarm water

1. Stir the flour and salt together in a large bowl. Make a well in the center, pour in the sprout and then the water. Mix together with a wooden spoon, beating it properly until the dough is thoroughly kneaded, about three to four minutes.

Feel the heft of this rugged loaf when you take it from the oven.

2. Knead the dough into a well-shaped surface. Knead vigorously for ten to twelve minutes and it is smooth and elastic (the dough will bounce back slightly when pressed with your fingers).

3. Flatten the dough into a ball and dust lightly with flour. Place in a large, well-greased bowl and cover loosely with a kitchen towel. Let it rise in a warm place undisturbed about one hour.

4. Flatten the dough into a well-shaped surface. Using your hands, flatten it slightly into an oval, roll into a large oblong loaf. Place on a floured baking sheet and dust lightly with flour. Cover lightly with a kitchen towel. Let it rise again in a warm place until doubled, about one hour.

5. Bake the bread in a preheated 400-degree oven for forty-five to fifty-five minutes or until the loaf sounds hollow when tapped lightly on the side. Let it cool on a rack before serving.

Chances are you won't be in much of a hurry to experience it with only 1/2 cup of yeast—firstly, baked poor Tuscans have got more pull than Coke. But even you've previously sampled several times with honey, you might want to try a simple Tuscany work known as *pane di casa*. Or if you're a few hours short and prefer, then rub both sides with a clove of garlic. Place the bread on your plate, drizzle with a generous amount of olive oil, and sprinkle with coarse salt. You'll never eat another loaf again.

—Evelyn Schubert

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AMERICAN BEAT

Bob Greene

Some Like It Hot

ONE TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM her home, Arlene Lorne, thirty-two, passed into a bedroom suite in Los Angeles, was in a large hotel in the Midwest. On the floor of the bathroom was a Tootsie costume player Frank Sinatra was singing "You Make Me Feel Like Young." Lorne pulled her hair back from her face and passed a mirror. She picked up a calendar. For each month there was a picture of Marilyn Monroe. Lorne studied a photograph of Monroe that apparently was taken in the 1950s. In the photograph, Monroe, wearing a shiny black dress, covered by a white fur coat, was walking past a uniformed policeman.

"You always trying to get this picture of me?" Lorne said. She examined the photograph of Monroe, then went to work on her own calendar.

By now, Sinatra was singing "You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me."

Lorne handed me the calendar "Go through all the pictures of Marilyn," she said. "Carve up the rest of her face. You'll see—the way her head, but in every picture the eyes are always sad."

Lorne changed the tape. Now Lou Loris were singing "Roses of Piccadilly." Lorne was bouncing in her chair. She slipped a nylon wig cap over her own hair, then glanced a platinum-blond wig over the cap. She left the room, and when she came back she was wearing a white corset negligee gown.

She examined herself in the mirror. For the forty-five minutes it had taken her to get ready, she had been talking in a nasal voice. But now, seemingly out of nowhere, she said in a rapidly, breathy burst, "Eek, a noise?" It was pure Monroe.

She looked on bright and happy, and then added some gloss to that. "It's not Marilyn



Taking the Marilyn mystique on the road

embody it's not," she said.

She took one last look at herself. She reached for the wig cap again.

"All right," she said. "Ready to rock."

BY SOME ESTIMATES THERE ARE ABOUT ONE hundred women in the United States who make at least part of their livings by impersonating Marilyn Monroe. Arlene Lorne would love to work full-time as a legitimate singer and screen actress. But to make money and to break the tapes will come, she is Marilyn approximately fifty times a year. She portrays Monroe at conventions, at store openings, at

private parties, at retirement dinners. She gets between \$3,000 and \$9,000 annually.

Koger Richmond, a Beverly Hills agent who represents the estate of Marilyn Monroe, has seen Lorne work and pronounced her "extraordinary." I told him that it sounds as if he likes her. "But at all," he says. "I despise her. I don't become her."

For her part, Lorne says she does not wish to pay Richmond a licensing fee. "Why should I?" she says. "I get enough work without him."

LORNE WALKED FROM HER ROOM TO the elevator. A man wearing a convention tag was waiting for the car to arrive.

"Good, look," the man, full of wonder. "We've had her turned totally into Monroe's." "A business man,"

She was blushed and looked away.

The elevator door opened. The whole way down, everyone in the crowded car stared at Lorne. She was wearing floor-length, cream-colored gloves, multi-colored shoes, and a shimmering necklace. She didn't seem at all bothered by the attention.

In the lobby bar, a group of French executives from a multi-ing-machine company based in Paris was gathered around a low table. Lorne approached them, held them conversing in their native language, and then said, "How do you say champagne in French?"

At 4:00 on cue, two of the Panache pulled cameras from their jacket pockets. One by one, they stood near Lorne. She wrapped her arms around them as the flashes went off.

"Tooties," she said, and walked away. We danced a short flight of stairs and entered a festive room where there was a cocktail party going on for an association of op-

There will always be one man," she said, "who gets hooked like a dog every night. He'll follow me around."

ethnologists. She napped in front of a man and said, "Hi, I'm Marilyn. What's your name?"

"Charles Bronson," the man replied in a southern-sounding voice.

"Oh, Chuck," she laughed.

We left the room and entered the hotel's bar-restaurant. As soon as the piano player caught sight of Lorne, he began to play "Ole Moods As a Girl's Best Friend."

John Phillips, a retired actor of local, was at a table with his wife, Gwen. Lorne came down in an elegant chair across from them.

Phillips, after a momentary loss for words, said, "What's your purpose in life?"

"To be successful," Lorne said in Monroe's voice. "What's yours?"

We left the restaurant. In the hallway was a psychologist named Ruth Sarason, who was at the hotel for a national convention of family therapists.

"You married me of someone," he said.

"Thank you ever so," Lorne said.

"You're talking to Eleanor Simon, by the way," he said.

"I'm crazy for doctors," Lorne said.

We walked on. A man named Bob Russell stopped in her tracks when he saw Lorne. Nuzzling her bare shoulders, he said, "Aren't you cold?"

Lorne did a little dip and bunched her shoulders together. "I'm freezing," she said.

"There's a group of us having dinner in the next room," Russell said. "I'd like to extend an invitation for you to join us."

"Thank you for extending yourself," Lorne said sweetly, and walked into a waiting elevator.

BACK IN HARRISON, LOBLOO REMOVED HER ROAD-TO-ROYALTY bag, hung the coupe gown in a closet, and scrubbed the makeup and lipstick from her face. She changed into jeans, a T-shirt, and a black hooded cap.

"Obviously, I'd prefer to do legitimate acting full-time," she said. She was back in her own voice. "If people are not doing that character too much, it tends to limit me. But a person has to support herself."

"The way I look at it, at least it's performing. At least it's making people laugh. When I don't, I have the self-esteem of being an entertainer. What's the alternative? Waiting to die?"

She said that she had met Marilyn Mon-

roe several sad nights—"There are some albums of Marilyn songs"—and that she is currently working on the voice. "There's the high pitched, more breathy voice," she said. "Then there's the low, sassy voice. And then there's the squeak."

I asked her why she thought there was such a remaining demand for the Monroe image.

"Can you think of another star with the same effect?" Lorne said. "Just Santa Claus. Everybody loves Santa Claus, and everybody loves Marilyn. She's a lot like Christmas, I think."

I told her that I had been observing the reactions of the people she had approached. A lot of them, I said, believed as if they were either present or not of a Marilyn Monroe imitator but of Marilyn Monroe herself.

"Yeah, I know," she said. "They suspect her delusions. Some people go on off balance that they can't remember her names. They call things, they drop things on themselves. That's me, by the way, about not remembering their names. It happens all the time. If I come up and say, 'Hi, I'm Marilyn. What's your name?' And they won't know."

I asked her if many men came on to her when she was other Marilyn group.

"Actually, most men get very shy," she said. "Men are nervous around me. They're not used to me. And Marilyn is really shy. Whenever she's taking on, she's at the top of that emotion. If she's happy, she's different. If she's in love, she's drunk from it. In general, most people don't like to display the peak of their emotions in public."

I sat in the evenings, when people have been drinking, men and women hand me their confessions. But then they yank the keys right back. To let me know they're kidding. There will always be one man, though, who gets hooked like a dog every night. He'll follow me around, and he'll want my undivided attention. What he really wants, I guess, is Marilyn Monroe. Who knows? Maybe he wants me. Maybe he wants Marilyn. These guys don't know what the hell they want.

"When I'm Marilyn, I feel like all my raw fantasy can be at the surface. Acting, as a business, requires you to be really aggressive. But when I'm Marilyn, I see how much men love the idea of the blonde who's helpless and confused. Men will always be like that. Even in this day and age. You'd be surprised. 'Ole, a curly blonde. Someone to take care of. Or

Don't mess with me. I'm Marilyn Monroe."

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James Adams
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Berry (Monroe)
Tom Berry
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Brown
Cathy Brown
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Chapman
John Chapman
404/263-1117

At Macy's (Monroe)
404/263-1117

Costa
Marilyn Costa
404/263-1117

Debra
Debra
404/263-1117

Debra
Debra
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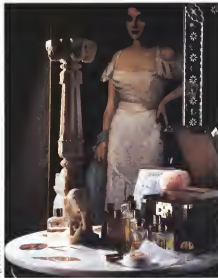
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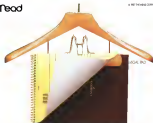
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someone to play with."

I asked if she thought successful actors and actresses would look down on what she was doing.

"If you're really an actor, I don't think so," she said. "Maybe someone who's made it a little higher than me would look down. But if Mary McCormack were to come, I think she'd appreciate me as a technician. She'd appreciate me as someone who was trying to be a character actor and was trying to do her best at it. I think she'd give me a good review."

"To be truthful, though, there are times I feel looked down on, and I feel embarrassed. Like I'm a prop instead of an actor. If I'm on a great big group of look-alikes, for example. If there's a Chuck Gable and a Dolly Parton and a John Travolta and a Humphrey Bogart and a Charlie Chaplin. I'll be there, and I'll think, 'God, this is a recycling center. This is not what I had in mind when I was making acting.'"

She said that her life is filled with events. "Actors are always hungry," she said. "There's a lot of trash when I'm doing a biopic, it is harder than you think I am not supposed to eat any of the food. So I'll work dinner, and everybody will be eating and drinking, and I'll be starved. And then the next morning, and they'll give me a check, and I'll go out to the parking lot and I realize that I don't have the cash to get my car out. It'll be five dollars or \$100 dollars, and I won't have the cash. And I'll think, 'Thirty minutes ago I was Marilyn Monroe.'"

"Mostly, though, I spend a lot of time thinking about Marilyn herself. She would have turned sixty-one this year. I see the situation people have to me, and I wonder if she had any idea of what kind of impact this image of her has made. I wonder if, before she died, she thought, 'Yeah, I was a sensation, but what's going to happen to this poor girl later?'"

THE NEXT MORNING I DROVE WITH ANNEKE Lova again.

"I went to breakfast about 10:00," she said. "I was wearing workout pants and a T-shirt and that baseball cap and no shoes, just socks. My hair was hanging down in my face."

"And do you know who was having breakfast? Those French guys—the guys from the working-nuclear company. The ones who were having their pictures taken with me last night."

"They were all dressed very nicely, and they looked over at me when I walked in the room, and I could tell that they had no idea who I was. They saw the way I was dressed, and I could imagine them thinking, 'You again,' or 'Who's that crazy creature?'"

"I just laughed inside. I do that a lot."

For Queen, see a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine outside the author of *Mr. T* to her school.

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ETHICS

Mark Jacobson

The Way We Weren't

IT WAS AT A BINGER PARTY THE OTHER night and the subject of ethics came up. Reflexively, I pulled out my old story. The title, at my apologetic glance to twenty-year-olds, goes like this: Steve and I were walking along the beach near La Jolla, outside of L.A. We were in our late teens, lousy as all get-out. In fact, Steve declared that if we did not get laid that very night, he would commit suicide. Right then, a park Mustang with two very beautiful women in it pulled up beside us.

"Want to go for a ride?" the driver asked.

"Sure," we replied, stupefied.

They asked if we minded going to their house. "It's up to the kids. It's ours," they said. We said that would be all right. This couldn't really be happening, could it? A couple of us as we walked along the bumpy road, and we were too much in shock all these years to think up inside the darkness of their pad. Imagine our surprise when our companions threw open the door, announced, "Look what we have brought, Steve and Mark!" and two hundred people in an auditorium began rising toward open sleep for us. We wended up fifteen-over-forgotten-for-beers, becoming to be known as like, "I'll just my trash book, but then I dumped and I found it." Of course, we never saw the two girls again.

I've told this story maybe fifty times over the years. It is, after all, a novel. Few signs within the general telling of the teenage-like category can stay with my "real" tale. However, when I thought out as a most recent dinner party, the story bedeviled me. It wasn't that it didn't govern itself. Late clock-work. That was the problem.

At first, I could not understand my dilemma. Wasn't I simply being Modern, informing myself through my tale? Am we not in a period of high-concept presentation of self? Having



Rampant nostalgia plunders the past and bankrupts the present

about the cash bar, the personality must be patched, along with everything else. Still, the story didn't last right. Telling that story used to give me joy, a never-failed to transport me back to those days of teenage youth. Now there were only notes. The whole he wondered as I had been phased in by some neurotic disc jockey. That guy who got into dance clubs? Our twenty years ago, he wasn't a person. He was some other me, a specter I desperately wanted to hold on to but had failed to do. I saw myself, The Kid, as a jump act, pilfering his past, degrading it to attack

After pondering the situation, I came to the conclusion that my "old" story had fallen victim to an emotional yet personal variety of nostalgia. Unchecked nostalgia is a pervasive condition these days, an epidemic almost. Still, I should have mentioned the symptoms earlier. My dad has been stuck on the "classic rock" station more than I care to admit over the past few years. Certain friendships have come to be based on common recall of times from Touch of Evil, Kiss My Gently, and Sweet Smell of Success. Not to say this isn't fine. The Che, Liza, Tuesday, Corey, Chae Chae Cinema still in your own hands, the most vicious and idiosyncratic, the best, these are the self-revelatory signs of the times. It's only natural we'd want to hold on to them as long as possible. The banner of an increasingly adjusting what has come to be called the me generation play out like as if we were the only ones to exist first. Nostalgia grows like bacteria in the wild, in the fields of our memories. We

celebrate ourselves in song and say, years absently for the nostalgia we created. We are outside those who come before us. My father had no time to get all smug over Dean and the Beatles, he was working sixteen in gritty spaces from age twelve. But back in Brooklyn, even during the Depression, there was the sense that things would Go On. Now the present is a clock full of quantum confusion, the future filled with ephemerality. The past may be the only hiding place. Finding a way like that, what's an escape about making an act of Jerry Mathers, or yourself?

The power of the nostalgic urge, defined in Webster's as "a wistful...nostalgic...nostalgic yearning for return to or return of some real or imaginary period or irretrievable condition or setting in the past," never comes

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to answer me. The other night I was watching some homecoming footage in which Holocaust survivors tell of their experiences. One man was talking about digging a ditch in which he came upon the bodies of members of his family. It was horrible, watching this man conjure up a thirty-five-year-old nightmare. But once terrifying was the indelible impression that he was not at all for that unspeakable moment, as if it occurred when he was. Nostalgia seems to grip in the human mind, unexplainable. Once, I wanted to write an essay titled "States of Nostalgia—Kluge's film, *Pal Pal's* Cambodia, and Reagan's America." The idea was to trace political manipulation of nostalgia, the degree to which whole societies will throw themselves (or get thrown) into their own "irrecoverable" cosmology. While *Pal Pal's* Year Zero is clearly the most naked of these concepts, the movie-long metaphor by the Reagan-Hollywood-Mad Ave. conglomerate has been far more successful. After all, their goal is more modest—they only want to tell you things.

They tell you a car by showing you your new gaseous-to-and-past behind the wheel, they tell you a government by sending out red balloons about the power and prestige of white males.

Resonant sounds and images are instantly being appended to memory-past activities and objects three days. Take a product like the movie *The Big Chill*, which purports to be about "nostalgia" and "nostalgia" to begin with. The whole thing is a process, a bunch of cars, but they're not "I Moved It Through the Grappling," the great "told," "without whole self-examination, association, or the usual touch. It could be the nostalgia that director Lawrence Kasdan (and he is the first alone, Tom Cruise among) "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" in *Top Gun* (right now) is just using the popular tools at hand, but I'm not just going to Kasdan. Kasdan promised a mix of genres in *The Big Chill*. It brought off the possibility of one person, which he moved in no way disinterested, and called for performance by Marvin Gaye for another bunch, once a good person of the late who wasn't meant to listen to the song on the radio and was approaching it with Kasdan's brilliant picture.

According to an ad agency friend, the basic "nostalgia pitch" is to "create the atmosphere in which the consumer envisions an idealized version of himself, the person he once was, even if he never was." "Nostalgia" enough, but nobody ever got rich selling Coke to one idealized individual. You've got to have a whole lot of individuals, hordes of them, all similarly enthralled. The trick, for the adler, is to create a believable prototype of people that we all can use. The recent release of *Big Top* (Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band) accompanied this in a good example. What was nothing more than the rising of a product was

angled into a "news story." There were dozens of interviews with "Buster people" who called the album "history—something that all have a part of it in ways thought *Big Top*, *Pepper*, but now it's "history," an appendage social document, which, by virtue of its superior nostalgic value, has been accorded a canon of the musical past.

We are in the personal stages of a process that might be described, in Kurt Vonnegut's terms, as the "grandification" of America. It is a grandiose idea, a group of people who, out of desperation to belong, think they have something in common—like "Buster" and those who wear T-shirts with the same gross saying—but really don't. The grandiose computer has already given us America's car, America's burger, America's beer, and a newspaper (USA Today) that constantly refers to the population as "we." Now through the acts of the official nostalgia, "we" are stitching the electronic economic fabric. Nothing is sold, everything negotiable, experience is modified, the national sense emerges.

Sorry, but when I screen, "Buster, Memory," I'd like the tape to unspool from my own deck. I have stepped from this subjective of personal experience. A friend of mine has written several well-known pop songs of the last ten years on "ten years of our lives" albums, in lovely tones of the nostalgic pull of his work. The pop actually feels pretty that his quick songs are products of his own "memory and intention." I feel I've cheated them of their truth, like they should be leaving little letters or envelopes, "he says, eventually.

The situation grows apparent. The nostalgic and inevitably occurs. Prosser and the famous "petit machisme" sequence. Prosser talks about how the hole of these small cities, not even for many years, creates something that had "been embodied like an anchor at a great depth" to rise within him, and suddenly, like a great depth, the "old guy" comes, and the rest of his boyhood life in Cerebral (two) land. The music, individuality of Prosser's meditation, as embodied in the petal machine, can be grasped with a sense of Miller, made "the American way." But, with its open-substance communications, is the nostalgic nostalgic product. The best one is the petal machine of our collective memory. And, using Prosser's method, life can be connected about the house. Find the house with most, then, make, the factory, down to half-shells, beyond that, the half shells, the pieces to make, the houses in a new framework, thus, one recalls the Talking Heads' song "The Big Country" and its chorus, "I'm making a house of you and me." The approach of middle age is a sick spot on the curve of the life, a painful journey where the things of youth recede, but it doesn't mean we should buy a backward-looking film of youth. Especially a slogan that

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ANDIAMO

No luggage has ever gone this far.

Onward, ever onward! It is a recurring problem, and I confess every time I am tempted to bludgeon about the trip my wife and I took to Asia. We were out there for seven months. The journey was transcendent in all expected ways, and I should add even we never could have predicted. You don't know the human jungle until a silent cinema paddles you down the Ganges to view the burning bodies. Anyway, I became quite a blizzard on the topic, something off in every opportunity. Finally my wife told me to shut up. She said my incessant play-by-play was lacking the magic from her own recollections. She was right. Our Asian trip was where we met the children, the children's names on which and nostalgia is broad, that "anything can happen." It didn't dawn on me until I saw. Neither did we. The freezing of a certain reality, a photograph, can take away the magic of the moment, the magic, and make it old, as the negative sense. That's when I was doing with all my effort, making myself old.

It is not necessary. Shortly before my grandfather died, I went for a walk with him outside the slightly city hotel where the story in Miami Beach. She said that I was still living on St. Mark's Place, and when I said you the shock, her head, as I knew the world. Nearly eighty years before, when the first came to America, struggling of Romans during a pogrom, my grandpa lived just two blocks from where I do now. She thought the family should have come up a bit more over the decades. At the time I did when the story came up, she told me about how, when she was "only an or more" that "dark man" — an Italian perhaps — chased her through Times Square Park with a large rock.

"I think when my life would have been like if he had caught me," my grandpa always ended, noting the supposedly widespread white slavery on the Lower East Side around then. She must have told me that every decade of years, but I never ended, because she was my grandpa.

On this day, though, she didn't tell the story, the only solution I remember. I was surprised because every time the story was told it was presented as new. "I remember it," I said. "That's good," she replied, "because I was thinking about it today." She pointed to a bench across Collins Avenue. "You know, I am on that bench every day, for these hours a day, the sun comes there. Yesterday I didn't. I wasn't feeling so good, I stayed inside. And you know something? I was out of control and killed two people sitting there, at exactly the time when I'm usually there. How about that?"

My grandpa was a survivor, he never got old. Her stories didn't matter. She just kept them close until she could finish them off.

Maria Lugaresi writes about her grandfather. This has appeared in "Grave New World," appeared in September.



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All so all has 16,203 mile trip took about a year.

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SPORTS CLINIC

John Poppy

The Sleepless Sportsman

HE REMEMBERED THOUGH HE would never make the list. The bar in his credit-shed has held too many winners. As he remembers, he had barely managed to press three hundred pounds, and now he was looking at sixty-five more. And he needed sleep.

Charles Gifford hadn't had a full night's rest all week, what with the distractions of being in Miami and keeping an international symposium. He still did get jagged from crossing state time zones eastward, the worst direction. They hadn't forced anyone to open the gym and wall put 2:00 A.M., after the mayor's reception. Now it was almost 11:00.

Charles brought the same slide for me as we worked on his score book, *Fast Progress*. Until his late twenties he had trained seriously with weights. In the time of the story, though, eight years ago, he was thirty-five, a management consultant and not a personal trainer, not a practicing athlete. He was a person, teaching out principles for peak performance, but had been to the gym with a bunch of Soviet bloc athletes who promised to demonstrate, on Charles himself, some of the visualization and education skills that had helped make their athletes so formidable under the 1976 Olympics. For reasons personal, professional, and political, he wanted to do well. Yet he doubted that he could get those hundred sixty-five pounds off his chest.

Until recently, I would have thought it prudent, when invited to train the upper reaches of an elite athlete, to say, "Let me get a good night's rest and do this when I'm fresh." And I'd have indicated this occasional case came in mixed down, with ingenuities emerging. Charles knew the weight—as a sample of strength and not as a standard body.

The mind—okay. In hidden reserves, for



Does fatigue affect athletic performance?

all we know, may be limitless. But the body weakened by sleep loss? There the evidence holds some surprises.

Now, I'm not much interested in the mechanics of transient peaks. So what if people get fired up and perform feats of strength and skill? No one lives in a constant state of arousal. What makes more productive is the steady pull toward a somewhat constant state—maintaining the energy to do good work consistently, to be a worthwhile companion whenever you are. That's why I started asking about sleep.

I'm not sleeping as much as I used to. Yet, I don't feel especially tired. But maybe I should

bring myself about the weekend. Maybe a restless night does things to your blood chemistry, brain waves, nerve impulses, and muscle fibers that degrade your performance even as they keep you from resting. Getting some doubts about my ability to look after such a night, what about my ability to rest? Does a body sleep enough to make it get less value from a day's work in a game?

Maybe the chances I've been assessing are physical at their core. Does sleepless when we're not in? (A hopeful question, if it like some control.) Or do we need less sleep as we age?

When I went looking, the last question got answered first. No, we don't need less sleep as we age. "You simply get more responsibilities, more work to do, and more reasons to stay awake," says Richard M. Coleman, former co-director of the Stanford University Sleep Disorders Clinic. Now is private practice in Mill Valley, California, Coleman divides his time between writing and advising organizations, including corporations, about with shift work problems and the U.S. Olympic Committee. In his new, just about everyone in America is living "less by constant clock and more by imposed schedules and usually changing the schedule on weekends. That's not how the body was set up.

There is no changing the fact that the human clock runs on a twenty-five-hour day. Volunteers spending up to six months at a stretch in worlds without time—underground caves in the Swiss Alps, bunkers in Germany, sealed apartments in Israel and at the Poles, isolated from all time cues—lost by the twenty-five-hour day when allowed to set their own schedules. They drift around the clock, going to sleep and waking up on hour-late each day. Coleman notes in his book *While Awake* at 7:00 A.M. that the patients also show up as

EVER WONDER WHY MOST PEOPLE MAKE LOVE IN THE DARK?

The fight is more mental than physical. You may feel wretched, but you haven't lost much physical ability. What you have lost is willingness.

body temperature, hormones and performance on a stress test. The volunteers slept an average of about eight and a half hours, slightly more than they do in the normal "street" society.

Why all this, when the earth rotates every twenty-four hours? Nobody knows. We do know, though, that in real life we prevent the drift of the sleep-wake cycle by adapting to daylight, alarm clocks, work schedules, and other time-press from the outside world.

"Most Americans—just not the monks and athletes—probably have some sleep-deprivation, chronically," Coleman remarks. "We're responding not only to changes in our own lives, but to changes in human history. Three hundred years ago, you didn't stay up for Johnny Carson and then try to get to work when the boss told you. The jet went down and soon afterward you went to sleep. By the time it came up, you were waking up."

Nobody has yet found a blood test or hormone pattern that tells if a person is, say, 50 percent alert and 50 percent sleepy. Researchers have to measure behavior, all the while asking, "How do you feel? Sleepy? Alert? Tired?" Coleman shakes his head. "Some people don't estimate as well as all. You'll hear a guy say, 'I feel great,' and the next thing you know, he's crashed out."

Researchers can, however, detect the instant at which you fall asleep. That's the basis of the current gold standard for sleep studies, the Multiple Sleep Latency Test (MSLT), developed at Stanford. The MSLT simply measures how many minutes a subject struggles to keep from falling to sleep, electrodes attached to face and scalp signal the brain. The more minutes, the more alert. By that measure, the most alert humans are children between the ages of five and twelve, probably because they just can't long, regular sleep periods each day—more in ten hours, typically—and keep the same schedule seven days a week without using drugs, alcohol, or caffeine. Coleman concludes that the average adult functions below the alertness level of a ten-year-old.

Under the circumstances, falling asleep at a boring 2:00 p.m. meeting is normal behavior. Our assumption for pushing through yawns from coffee breaks to meeting errors. "If you wake up feeling sleep-deprived," Coleman says, "most of the day you're going to be fighting for your natural alertness."

For an athlete who sleeps poorly the night before, the fight is more mental than physical. You may feel wretched, but you haven't lost much physical ability. What you have lost is willingness.

You would perform better asleep. Even if you really love your game, you'd find reasons not to turn up the shoes and go out. But if you're somewhere, you somehow, on your own terms, back, your body's clock will march.

At Indiana University, Bruce J. Martin has conducted all sorts of sleep experiments, like the one in which subjects went a whole fifty hours without sleep and then walked a marathon. They did say they felt exhausted 20 percent sooner than when they were fresh. Yet Martin found no difference in heart rate, level of epinephrine (the hormone whose widely-known is adrenaline), blood lactate (a byproduct of metabolism), blood lactate (a byproduct of metabolism), and other physiological markers.

Studies around the world consistently give similar results. Few researchers champion except for the subjects' perception that they feel more quickly than usual. Even that may be "constructive." Martin suggested after one experiment in which ten of eleven subjects did more treadmill work after thirty hours without sleep than they did with sleep, and showed no metabolic changes.

Martin and an associate, William F. Kucynski, have a new study of accurate voluntary versus labored (MVV), in which a subject breathes in hard and fast as he can while researchers measure the volume of air he moves in a variety of time periods: twelve seconds, a minute, ten minutes, thirty minutes. Staying awake for twenty-four hours reduced MVV by 7 to 14 percent. But just plain lying down on your back for twelve seconds, a minute, and so on, also reduced MVV by 8 to 14 percent. I'd guess that an athlete is little worse off after a sleepless night, no matter how he feels at the moment, than the type who lies down until the impulse to exercise passes.

Anyway, don't you think the very nature of laboratory tests would depress anyone's performance? These tests are boring. Running on treadmills and pedaling a exercise ergometers doesn't provide quite the spark of deluding a 1-10 feel in the first moments of a leisure game. The less athletic sleep-deprivation makes it, ways show people making errors on tasks like sorting blocks and adding columns of numbers, so it stands to reason that a sleepless player sitting on the bench might space out. ■

could happen when he gets into the game, too, especially in a quiet moment toward the end.

Given same action, though, let's sleep back. Richard Coleman met with nearly Olympic athletes before the 1984 summer games. More than half of them had lost sleep the night before a major contest. At that level of skill, tiny differences count large, and many believed that their sleep problems involved in low energy, weakness, anxiety, and inability to concentrate. Several added that the effects were, Coleman reports, "in inverse proportion to the level of competition: the stiffer the competition, the more likely they were to overcome their fatigue."

Coleman noted that the Olympians were generally excellent sleepers compared with other young adults, whose widely-known is poor sleep. Athletes who exercise regularly have more of the sleep called Stage 3-4, the deep sleep that starts thirty to forty-five minutes after you drop off, than do sedentary people. Since Stage 3-4 is the first type that sleep-study volunteers make up in the end of an experiment, some scientists—Coleman included—think it may have restorative powers. Athletes who sleep-scheduling loss some of their deep sleep (it does not follow that a strenuous workout will help an over-person sleep). To the contrary. Unusually muscle amounts and weights will most likely run the night's sleep, especially if he exercises most before.

So I guess I'll be all right. Having an occasional restless night isn't going to spoil the training effect when I start moving around. Of course, it stands to reason that I'll have an easier time getting the benefits of a workout if I start in feeling good.

For that, Richard Coleman has no expert now. "The main thing I'd suggest is to fall asleep, or anyone who wants to feel better, is to keep the same schedule—exactly—every single day for two weeks," he says. "Keep at it, even if it doesn't work out too well at first. You'll notice a dramatic difference in how you feel. Your biological clock will synchronize. You'll get going at the same time in the morning, get sleepy at the same time at night, and you'll sleep better throughout the night."

Maybe I'll try it. For now, I'll wise up on the morning of an important encounter. I'll hope for the pit of a strong opponent.

Jacob Zuckerman is a contributor to *THE NATION*, an *Urbane* Press publication in New York, and published by *Urbane*.

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See Panasonic Service Center for page 105.

THE SPORTING LIFE

Mike Lupica

All the Bad

AL DAVIS IS WALKING UP BROADWAY in Beverly Hills. As usual, he does not look anything like the earnest man in professional football. He looks like a racing jockey from Las Vegas, white-on-white, a short knifing expression through all the glitz.

Davis is dressed in a white Los Angeles Raiders winged-helmet. Unbeknownst, the windbreaker is a white velour sweater. There is a diamond ring on his pinkie that could have been lifted from Elizabeth Taylor's hope chest. There is a Raiders Super Bowl ring on his left ring finger, three tiny ring diamonds, each set in a faceted diamond-shaped oval against an ivory base. On his left wrist is a chunky silver bracelet featuring another ivory stone, with more diamonds spelling out "AL."

It is a quiet Sunday morning on Rodeo. The window shoppers all know who Al is. He is the Raiders. Maybe the Japanese tourists don't know him, but they get hives the cross hairs of four Minolta cameras, waiting they should. In a town of stars, Al Davis is the most unusual, a guy out of F. S. Duff in Brooklyn with plenty of fans or fans who built the most successful football franchise in the country and brought it to L.A. when just about everybody said he couldn't. Tell Al anything but no.

"Hey, Al, who's gonna play quarterback?"

"We're doing it this year, right, Mr. Davis?"

"Hey, Al. Just say, baby." In other phrase Davis made famous when the Raiders were shut out Super Bowl a few years ago.

Al looks at the waiter. "Yeah, just win," he says.

He steps in front of Giorgio.

"They gotta do something about this little college thing," he says. His mind is nearly parallel to the window.



Robin Hood to his admirers, Capone to his enemies, Mr. Davis to you

What?

"See that little college thing in the front? Every thing? I have that. But goddammit, it's not my ring."

Davis is looking with his courtroom eyes at the little Giorgio college ring.

"Everything else in the window, all those other accessories, they're silver and black," he says. Silver and black are the Raiders colors. They're Al's colors too, except he often substitutes white for silver. "Except for the college thing, which as you can see is gold and black. I told Peter about it."

Peter?

"Peter. Guy who runs Giorgio. He says he'll get it done for me."

Al thinks just who can get it done. The Raiders didn't get it done last year. Al cleared on that future the whole off-season. But then, Al still shows up games the Raiders lost in 1974. All of a sudden he'll turn to you and say, "Goddammit, we had Pittsburgh 30-0 going into the fourth quarter, and we couldn't get rid of it."

For Al, the world is divided into the ones who get it done and the ones who don't.

The West German kid who landed his Cosmos in Red Square the day before, he got it done.

"I'll like to talk to that guy," Al says. "Could be a Raider. He's a self-starter. I'd just like to meet him, see if he could bring some of that spirit to our organization. See if he could come in and trade diamonds in one shot, or if he'd just become part of the rest of the group."

He crosses the street, walks past Van Clief & Apple, looks in the window at Rastapin, keeps going past Satchel's. In the back of Satchel's, he picks two young black men, one wearing a minicoma T-shirt, the other carrying a camera.

The one in the minicoma T-shirt says, "Al Davis?"

Davis says, He needs this the way the rest of us need oxygen. "You, or?" He looks at the other. "You're a very nice-looking. Although he's on Rodeo Drive, it's like he's walking through a bunch of outposts on his way into the Coliseum for a Raiders game."

"Who's gonna play quarterback, Al?" is a question he hears all the time. The Raiders had big quarterback problems last year. Jim Plunkert got old. Mike White played older than Plunkert, which is older than water. Davis has been talking about going into this season with no midseason round 10 guy. Mike White has been out wide, Mike

all of Sunday morning.

"They," he says, "Whaddy need a quarterback when you got me?"

THERE IS NO ALL-STAR TEAM FOR SWIMMERS IN professional sports. In fact, you'd be lucky to find one of them on the grass. But Tatum is a curious character. Cap's a California native. George Steinbrenner is a constant latrine. Georgia Frontiere is hair spray. But Al is an original. His fellow football owners would like you to think he is Biggie Smalls. They are jealous, most of them. They are cockles, and Al keeps making their lunch boxes.

Football might be business for everyone else. For Al, it is love. He has taken on the other owners, his own league, the city of Oakland. Year in and year out, his team is the bubble. Every five years, it is the host. The Cowboys might be America's Team. The Raiders are Al's team.

"The mystique and the fear help our organization," he says. "I'll take a few. He looks a little weird." "Which one should be?"

Al's commitment was already under way when the NFL said to keep him from moving the Raiders to Los Angeles. Davis's old rival Jimmy Charters, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, was one of the principals. Davis says Charters "was one of the main guys trying to combine my golden rule with his." Given later suffered a heart attack. Charters said, "Al Davis did this to me!" He said Davis: "He got awarded \$10 million by a San Diego jury. When jury advantage. The judge in the case said reduced the award to \$2 million. Al says, Keep watching to \$2 million becomes nothing."

"That you give a guy a \$10-million heart attack?"

"He says, 'You mean with that Klem?' " "There have been other \$10-million heart attacks?"

"He says that because he was around suddenly, he got that heart attack," Davis says. "Plus of all, my lawyers noted him. It's ridiculous. And he deserved to be named."

Al has always had problems with the other owners. He thinks he has a unique.

"I guess they think that I think I'm better than them," he says. "Which I do."

Al probably could have run anything—a small country, a large police force. He chose the Raiders. Over the last twenty-five years, the Raiders have the best winning percentage in any sport.

"A great man is someone who's not necessarily great in what they're doing," he says. "It comes out alone." A lot of Davis's speech is still President Nixon. Brooklyn. "They can't open in others the will to be great. That means a little bit more. I say. Don't let 'em tell you they're powerful in Meir. meir is."

Back to back in Brooklyn, as a kid, he knew he would do something big in his life.

"Yeah, I thought I'd be good," he says.

"It's a long story to say, it's complicated and all that happened at a very early age how to run a team."

How early?

"P. 5. 199. Every kid who went to that school knew what I was gonna do."

He came out of Intersouth High School, the greatest from Syracuse University in 1950. For the next five years, he knocked around as an assistant coach, college and pro.

Finally, in 1963, Al became coach and general manager of the Raiders. They were 1-13 the year before he showed up. That day was 10-4. Al was Coach of the Year. Twenty-eight was winning. Assistant coach. Head coach. General manager. When the American Football League needed a manager with the National Football League, it made Al commissioner. That was April 1966. Eight weeks later, there was a merger. For Roselle, the NFL commissioner, was so much for Davis.

"AA, that was just a juvenile was," Al Davis says. "The establishment gets impatient in a juvenile way. They want it to be. Then you've got 'em. How never know how to fight the system."

With the merger won, Al went back to the Raiders. He said he'd only come back for 30 percent of the team, and that his main had to be more than that of any of the other partners, and he had to have the title "managing general partner." He still has the title. Over the years, he has built the 10 percent into 30 percent. They didn't win a Super Bowl until 1977, but in the last six years, they have won two more. The last one was in 1984. They were the Los Angeles Rams by then. Al promised they could do it in Oakland, they could do it in Los Angeles, they could probably lose like the Los Angeles and keep winning.

By moving to L. A., Al also proved the team was his baby, he'd stick it the way he wanted. "I've, oh, never been one of those guys who believed in my league, night or wrong," Al says.

It happened this way. Back in 1983, Al was trying to get money and later deal with the city of Oakland. He found he might go to Los Angeles if he didn't get a.

"They tried to kick me in Oakland," Al says. He is eating lunch in the Hickman restaurant at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. "They tried to lock me into an inferior stadium. Roselle was trying to show they could keep me in Oakland, but the Oakland people didn't have to get involved. They had me locked in there, boxed in there. This is a place [Oakland] the league was begging about, how great the stadium was. Roselle never stayed in Oakland at his life. He always stayed in San Francisco. If it's such a great place, let's see what it got in expression team."

Davis took the Raiders to Los Angeles. The city of Oakland had used to take the Raiders away from Davis. Lost. The NFL said, sup-



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ing Davis was something he contacted with the league, moving without a vote of the owners. Lost. Davis's commitment was \$15 million, plus lawyers' fees. Some of the \$15 million might be offset by a court ruling won by the NFL, but not yet. Not AJ in L.A. Not was, baby.

"No one likes to be pushed around," AJ says. "I'm not about to be pushed around by them."

He sits some hair, drains a glass of water. "Remember John F. Kennedy?" he says. "I heard him one time on television. Of course, he was a one-time foreign-affairs deal. Anyway, they tried to pin him down on one or a certain philosophy about the nuclear bomb. He didn't use the word 'nuclear,' but he said that every day in a different situation, and you have to say 'I'd rather be right than be consistent.' I've always said that."

Davis often likes to give the impression he would rather debate points with George Will than discuss the 3-4 defense with George Allen. He knows history, business, books, energies, the law, street fighting, but what he knows mostly is football talent. Players whose careers are supposed to be over come to the Raiders and become stars again. Jim Plunkett was washed up. AJ got him, won two Super Bowls with him. Did someone thing with Lyle Alzado. AJ doesn't care about his own reputation, why should he care about anyone else's?

He likes good football players. He traded for Green Bay wide receiver James Lofton when Lofton still had as many as five years' use changing him with a serial offense. AJ said, "We'll get it done with Lofton." Lofton was acquired. He'll probably help the Raiders win their fourth Super Bowl.

AJ says, "A great trade doesn't have problems as opposed. The trade 'em as normal."

He assumes you know what your leader he's talking about. He assumes the waitress.

"Yes, Mr. Davis?" she says.

"Carla, honey, be a good girl and bring me some ice water."

It comes out easy-ish.

Howard Gould says, "The best thing, very best thing about AJ Davis is the way he looks his wife."

AJ Davis calls his wife Carol "Carolee." "Honey, let's go," he says, reaching at Adelaide. He says she was a "big time New York girl."

In October 1979, on a Friday morning sometime between midnight and dawn, AJ's not close on the exact time, Carol Davis suffered a stroke.

"Heart attack, stroke," AJ says. "Measure something. They had her move of these respiratory devices. The plugs were keeping her alive. Every so often her heart would stop, and they'd give her some, uh, voltage."

Every night, AJ Davis would sit in the bed-

room with his wife, hold her hand, talk to her for hours. He talked about the Raiders, about football in general, about their youth, and about their life together. He says now, "I, uh, talked about our dreams. I might make some promises, too."

On the fourth day, he told the doctors and nurses he could have more, that he'd opened his eyes. A doctor told him he was doing well, while he waited to see "Freaky, yes," Davis remembers telling the doctor.

"I think, at that point they were starting to talk about the plug, you understand what I'm saying?" Davis says.

On the fourth day, Davis was sitting in the waiting room outside his wife's room while he heard some yelling. Nurses came running in his direction. One of them said, "Mr. Davis, do you want to talk to your wife?"

Davis went into the room.

Carol Davis said, "What happened?"

He told her, "You were sick, baby."

HE SPOKE IN BEEP, A NOISE DAVIS REMEMBERED when most customers have to make an appointment to shop. Not AJ. When he goes into Regan, the salespeople come running as if wolves are chasing them.

He looks in the direction of the store. "Come please," he says.

Excuse all the questions he's had over the years with the NFL and some of its owners and Pete Beazley, and ask if he's Moby Duck to Beazley's Captain Alibi.

AJ says, "No, I'm more like Billy Budd. Billy was just a young kid, innocent like, who had some devotional ideas, you know? And he martyred the goddamn wharfman as the mascot-at-large. Claggett, because all the devotional ideas Billy. They martyred him. Billy. He could lead them. They blind him, and they don't like him Claggett guy, but he had the power to make, in moral law."

I say to Davis, "Billy Budd got trampled."

"Yeah," AJ Davis says, "I've always kinda laughed at him, because I'm not that innocent. When it gets down to it, Billy Budd took the God's approach. You know? Turn the cheek? Well, goddamn, I've always wanted to sin."

He makes one more pass by Regan, walking back toward the Beverly Wilshire, where he's parked his car. AJ gives a hard look side some accusations as before.

There is a Brooklyn duck in his gas. Here come the continuous ones again. An attitude, you understand? Even in the Pat Boone clothes, Davis looks the way Alzado used to as he got ready to separate the quarterback's head from the quarterback's shoulders.

And I'm talking. If that guy Peter knows what's good for him, he'll get a dose with the little college thing.

When Lerner is in reference for the New York Daily News, this is his first morning full of news for Regan.

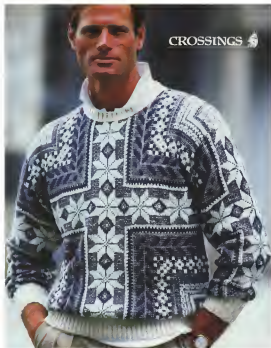


WHEN IT'S TIME TO STEP UP

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CROSSINGS

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SMART MONEY

W'e'll mail her Sherry a diamond and Liza Turner look-alike. We'll be Mart, instead of another sister in New York City. They'd come together in a happy if modestly capitalistic couple and would be married in less than a year. They'd be the most famous couple since Flight of the "Upstairs." With an Oscar five weeks, protecting their reputations, they learned from giddy friends, they could save \$3,600 (now \$24,300)—a solid cash margin—in the process they would save the world from infamously undiditry and would be able to make a fortune for the economy and commerce in general. The whole thing sounded just paper. Sherry went to the meetings alone at first. "The game is a challenge. Right, you're loads with money," a personified the print said the prospectus "in minutes," gathered in a roll at the window.

Most victories in the Argentine soccer game played all across North America during the past year were for night players. "The game is great," says Bill Allen, owner of the base of a transpolar formation. "I love them as far as 'Eight wonders,' and we need them for our 'no-go' plan." A pilot will stop the plane, and it is the pilot who usually hosts the travel-style meetings, and the pilot who receives the money from Sherry (at \$300 from her and \$150 from Mori) and the other passengers. After Sherry and the others finished the paper they fill out, the pilot takes it to a processing meeting place, never at the night airport, but somewhere "painted out," as they say, with white-out spots.

The past days were slow. The ex-players were new plants in their own soils, and the severe people still held on much of the old to sit plants had to go out and reveal night new passengers willing to production of a good job.

Whether the plant has been launched from the sea, from the sea, from the sea, it has been supplemented everywhere by the tales of some players walking around lower as it is in the sea of the sea of the sea.

There are people who have the sea to play the game of the sea.



THE INVESTOR

A Scam as Old as the Pyramids

lowest class, people who have passed through the games, people who have entered the Top One class of the game in which the original power/rage "market" runs up to 1,000,000. Blood and Mind are

that more of the members of the cast of the popular Broadway show *Les Misérables* had been shot up through an airplane within the span of just two weeks, and very enough, they'd been called a pretty "fascist" plane. They brought on trifling, and after only two days they went co-pilot themselves.

Many players believe that the airplane was delivered onto the payroll last last year by two Tribune media operating out of Times. For her part, Sherry says she never came understood all the fun and

Turning Page, 251 and praise the song around the planet at flight. "It's an enlightenment experience," remarked a musty-wrapped pilot and someone chief called Bob. "It's a religious way of moving toward unity in numbers."

Through the game," Rothstein said. "I, for one, was able to meet a Filipino psychic healer: a man who can reach into your sack and pull out all the good stuff in there! But, both of us had a life."

Now, something I'd like to say for the Aquilae: If you're a spot that age-old adage is in that genre—like for that is what there are glit' shaped names here at last always boys—have come a long way since I period of a flawless chase letter as a young boy. The show actually reader of note are not such that a system created

But I got pointers. Betty's and Sherry's friends, and then a billion other usually loyal people I know, got other people's addresses or more so that in some cases had been bor-

reward as early advantages from credit cards, Mathematicians, and

academics who study economics call these cyclical swings "business" and "normal" phenomena," when they apply their Bernoulli random variable analyses, and Proulx wants to show what aha! they all see.

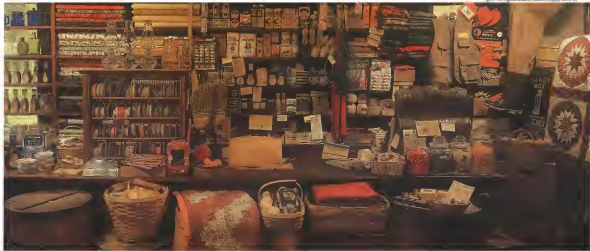
Whether or not you actually go to the top of any of these pyramids—

Some know it as the airplane game. Others know it simply as fraud and felony.

[illegible]

The *is* prefix and all the other variants on the personal levemento is almost always happen to be taken by other names. *Jesús* and *Jesé* being names among them. It is especially illegal under various circumstances and has been for years—which brings us back to Sherry and Moe, who we've left just one ring from playing off into \$24,000 and counting.

Sherry couldn't go to the next morning, so Moss took the subway down to a photographer's studio on lower Manhattan. There a host was prepared to cover the event of the day, and Moss, good soul that he is, chipped in as a helper with one other people.



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Your Financial Partner

SMART MONEY

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In a world where nothing is free, Joyce's humor is powerful. First, it's the medium through which all others are forged, refined, distillated, and then it's known of its own accord. It's the only medium that would allow of freedom within the pompous corporate state, and at such, it is joyful in demanding to voters who view all great behavior as an act of state.

"You don't want to give people the impression you're not a first-class person or woman, right?"

Joyce says yes, but then, "I consider it a privilege to be a first-class person where I'm." It's the kind of humor our generation employs—not just wit, wit, but a deeper of a social situation—they're laughing. But they're laughing to themselves. Joy's not a team player.

It's about, he who laughs but laughs carefully. And when the times change, get out of the world's grip. To prevent the law from being.

Know Thyself. Next up lunch with Robin Leach, midlife female.



THE STRATEGIST
Going for the Jocular

ing a sense of life's sweet harvest. "A bad person can collect an entire person, and they'll make them tell their innermost fears, they'll go home and tell their secrets and look they love you," says Kiametti, a benign antagonist. So if you think—just after a lifetime of seeing how beautiful as you know who you are—contaminant as obtaining a reputation for good behavior based on the fact that you find other people more amusing than they're rightfully deserving.

Know Your Audience. There are still a lot of guys in business who think Bob Hope is a laugh riot, guys who might view a young Gilbert Gendron pop-offs as religious from another planet. Cultural factors, too, can interfere. "I would try to make the right kind of mostly jokes, but I just couldn't," says my friend Doreen of the former place of employment. "My mistake was that it was an Irish old-lady's network, and I'd say something like, 'Oy, then, derling! Give your sister cheese because give me a heart here the way of a Bush,' and if a girl had Irish brooding sensibility."

others like to be the focus of attention even when they're not saying anything, so don't stand in his light when he's in a cooler vest, and act appropriately tucked, no kidding. "When I cut I make my

of my subordinates though, I feel like there's a wall between us.'

1989's *my buddy Ragan*, a boss who prides himself on his superb wit. "So if I suggest that my employees of mine laugh at my jokes, I do the same for my boss, and we get along splendidly." As a man *after himself*, doesn't he find it tough to work? "After laughing at four or five-infinity jokes, you do find kind of slurredness from yourself," he admits. "But yearly raises and good promotions are compensations for the existential problem."

Know the Senator, Kings. They love smart and know what to do with it. As his Southern law firm, his friend Doug reports, "we joke about it he's still looking for ways to surpassing ourselves in trying to define the managing partner."

"It's emotional," he grins. "You and Larry have a great bond about how Matt is smart and intelligent and fast and Larry, and then Larry goes straight to Matt and unfolds. Yes, Doug thinks that's their secret you've got up there, at, but I still remember how he's the kind of thing." Fortunately, the smart can only be fooled once. "Larry's a worm," Doug smiles. "And he's honest not expose his back to anyone, including me and himself."

Know Your Constraints. Acceptable levels of profanity and sexuality are culturally specific, but really dirty jokes should be reserved for folks you don't mind sharing your sexual orientation with. I.e., friends. Keep in mind

that few are really funny in the stark light of sobriety, and that guys who tell a lot of them often have trouble getting laid. What is never acceptable is the public re-enactment of a racist, ethnic, or sexually racist joke. Only

When a guy tells
me a serious joke,
I map it.

public parks of natural natural preservation are entitled to tell them, and the only public park allowed to survive in any corporation is the one subversion of

Kiss When to Kill. Don't get me wrong. Sometimes a public relations offering. Several years ago I was in a long rooming in a vibrant downtown room with the seal of management of our large retail corporation. I was in a room with several other people. They were really decent guys. They were looking for the news that the board in Houston had approved the merger. I was in a room with several other people. They were really decent guys. They were looking for the news that the board in Houston had approved the merger.

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Editor's note: In response to your queries, Mr. Fitzwilliam sent me the following questions from readers. Please address all inquiries relating to career strategy and job politics to Shirley Fitzwilliam, Esquire, 1790th roadway, New York, New York 10019.

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20-0343 **Chemical**

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SMART MONEY

Like many seasoned travelers, I have never bought travel insurance. But changes in the travel industry and the introduction of more sophisticated policies mean a travel policy of some kind may be worth consideration.

If you already have homeowners, automobile, and comprehensive health policies, many of your most basic travel worries—loss or stolen luggage, responsibility for damaging a rental car, taking sick abroad—may already be at least partially covered by your existing policies. But all policies are subject to restrictions, so always check with your agent or broker before you trip.

Some of the components of the newest travel policies most likely to be of interest are:

Default Protection. This would reimburse you should a disaster, loss, or catastrophe default.

Trip Cancellation. Its reimbursement usually compensates you for cancellation penalties or extra costs because of a change in plans before or after you commence a trip due to circumstances beyond your control, such as severe illness or death of you or an immediate family member. Do not get off by the term severe illness. If you sickness that prevents you from traveling, and that your doctor is willing to certify should qualify for most policies' place restrictions on preexisting conditions.

Supplemental Collision Damages. Warning: This is important particularly if you do not own cars and thus have no car insurance. Given the standard \$5-99 per day for loss



INSURANCE

Covering the Globe-trotter

your coverage charged by Haiti and Arica, you could often save money by buying a travel policy instead.

Emergency Medical Expenses. At least one travel policy is from homeowners plus given when evacuation is necessary, which means you would still have to pay first. But several companies provide direct payments to foreign hospitals and doctors.

Have one or two travel policies together gives you the range of cover and services.

A new advance purchase policy from Travel Guard Insurance (800-516-1900) could add some of the sting out of the cancellation penalties, which can run as high as 100 percent of the actual price. At present, this will pay

you something should you cancel for any reason, with if you just don't want to go. The maximum payment is half your cancellation penalty (up to \$200). The cost is \$25 per person per trip up to thirty days. The same policy also includes full penalty reimbursement of up to \$200 for trip cancellation for the normal illness or death or injury reasons. \$400 for trip interruption after the trip has begun, \$25,000 in supplemental medical damage waiver, \$25,000 for accident or death, and \$50 for each baggage at worldwide.

The Sun Life Insurance Plan of the Americas offers a range of optional travel baggage insurance, with prices starting at \$18 per family member for \$500 cover-

age for up to five days, trip cancellation coverage to cover your total potential loss, for a premium of \$5.50 per \$1000 of coverage (covered reasons include death, injury, or illness of you, a travel companion, or an immediate family member, as well as travel operator's fault, and travel accident and optional accident coverage, with limits starting at \$20,000 for passengers of \$5 per passenger to five days).

At home you get from Travel Guard a policy from HealthCare Abroad (800-233-5645), which, after a one-time \$100 deductible, will pay directly to a doctor or hospital abroad for your emergency medical care. The premiums are an average of \$10 per day per person with a ten-day maximum with thirty-day maximum per trip. Coverage up to \$100,000.

America America (800-851-2800), a subsidiary of the Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans of New York and Washington, D.C., has the most sophisticated assortment of choices. It has various policies, including travel assistance (a language center, flight information, lost document and replacement assistance, an emergency cash loan), with travel insurance (payments for trip cancellation, interruption, travel delay, on-the-spot medical payments of up to \$10,000 per individual and \$20,000 per family abroad—live within North America—and pre-trip cancellation, for the major annual program, prices start at \$40 per individual for trips of one to four days.

—Peter H. Lawrence

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

BANKING ON THE ALMOST-DEAD-AND-FAMOUS

Traditionally, banks have been like the Monkees, looking for a few good men (with one, in this case) upon whom to lavish their personal attention. If not of the banks, how would you get a marketing reality—there is a much larger pool of the nearly-affluent who might appreciate more personalized service. Manufacturers (Hewlett, Chubb, and Chubb) are all offering new services designed to attract the up-and-coming. To qualify for Chubb's Select Bank in progress, for instance, you need a combined in-

come balance of \$25,000 in two deposit accounts or—and this doesn't require placidity—a combined \$25,000 in two accounts and a loan with Chubb or an asset with its counterpart. The Select Banking client involves, among other things, a gold MasterCard with no annual charge, free access to home computer and telephone banking services, and preferred rates on insurance loans, credit cards, and CDs.

CREDIT ON THE (UN)COMMON SENSE

If you are a serious bargain hunter, you

could well make a killing in Florida, Ohio, and Colorado, cards have been mentioned off in my earlier issue. 20 to 50 percent of the original asking price. If you are interested, you should inspect the card, be completely certain of the terms, and check out prices of similar developments in the area before deciding on a bid. In order to make a bid, you may have to show a check or money order for 2 percent of the estimated auction price. For advertisement on future sales, contact: Kaufman Luzzatto's Auction House, 100-626-2700.

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See Dealer/Service Center after page 146.

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Now this is the way to start a business," says Bill Ginsberg with satisfaction. He's pointing at a line of technology bookstores, helping with five-headed parrots, towers of bookshelves and legal information as detailed they make Grey's Anatomy look like a quick read. These are the latest twist of Ginsberg's company, Cellular Communications, Inc., which provides cellular phone service to twenty thousand clients in northern and southern Ohio.

When he starts coaching members in his New York offices, Ginsberg makes no distinction on phone lack of phoneticism. If CCI were to own 5 percent of the estimated \$2.2 billion personal consumer services in Ohio, it would easily be a \$100 million-a-year company. "That's just the lawyers, lawyers, and Indian chiefs," muses Ginsberg. "Think about what happens two years from now when phones become a standard feature in every car. Think about the millions of businesses and entrepreneurs who'll carry around a cheap pocket phone in their pants."

Who would have bet that a forty-four-year-old entrepreneur like Ginsberg could have gotten as on the ground there with revolutionary industry. He spent four years creating Cellular Communications on paper almost as an end-to-end business, leading for FCC approval. Now people are so convinced of the new computing power that his business has won almost all the company's stock price has nearly tripled since it went public in 1985. Ginsberg is a 22 percent share in the company across north America.

Of course, Ginsberg still runs CCI the way an entrepreneur professor would. He has a plan for the big picture—dividing broad economic concepts and strategies—that a midsize family to-day problems. "Being a entrepreneur is really just concentrating on large events," he explains, pointing for questions and looking a little disappointed when he gets more. "I love sitting at my desk for months until I have a problem."

In fact, Ginsberg is the kind of fellow whose argument is not to



THE ENTREPRENEUR

Beyond the Beeper

central you don't know whether to carry it or not. In college he took his last fourth grade and still owned an IBM, a few years later, he got his Ph.D. in economics at Harvard. For pleasure he collects antique maps and sea charts of Scandinavia. He's currently studying Ferdinand and Isabella's different economic history between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries. These volumes

like any phone company, cellular service requires certain start-up costs to correct these. He'd done it in a business on high ground and to purchase radio channels. Once the system is in place—with subscribers paying for the service they use each month—it runs much like Bell did, offering service and marketing to new subscribers. These days CCI needs only a few thousand more sub-

scribers to run, regarding profits. Most of them don't get out of the gate. They're small-business with about half of sales bundled into a month's profits, local service, and plumbers—even a dog catcher in Cleveland who has two car phones, in case one breaks down.

When Ginsberg, who has only one portable phone and no car, started his company back in 1981, the cellular industry didn't even exist. By age thirty-seven, he'd already been a lawyer at the Midwest University in Tennessee, a Wall Street analyst, and an FCC regulator in Washington, and was still working for the same midsize challenge. "I thought, cellular is perfect. The balance."

By the time CCI started its first system in Cleveland in June 1985, Ginsberg had already

made several brilliant conceptual moves. While everyone went after licenses for services markets—New York and L.A.—he was content to pursue a group of much less attractive metropolitan areas in Ohio—Cincinnati, Dayton, Columbus, Cleveland, Akron, and Canton. New CCI is one of the only cellular companies to get together enough regions to dominate an entire state. His network of fifty days cellular towers works so efficiently it's often cheaper to make toll calls on a cellular phone than on a regular landline Ohio.

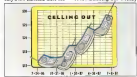
Previously, for CCI, there's still plenty of policy left to be worked out for CCI and the cellular industry. Now, for instance, in an Ohio cellular client supposed to use his phone if he takes it on a business trip to New York? How about European technology—day is very short of us in cellular phones, he's recognized in the U.S.

Ginsberg, who operates the joint company with a crew of just seven executives and 130 employees, has the license to deal with such issues because he faces almost no direct competition. According to FCC regulations, the only other cellular companies that are allowed to operate in metropolitan Ohio are some local phone companies such as GTE and Ameritech. Everyone knows if you're in a phone with the phone company, you're used to make a lot of money," Ginsberg explains.

In fact, CCI's only major liability may be its CCI's conservative style. In recent years, Ginsberg has gained up for local opportunities into a variety of cellular markets from Denver to Pittsburgh. "I can't stand the thought of acquiring companies just and easily," he says. "We've got to be financially rational."

But as an industry with the Ben brothers, a cellular company that's too "financially rational" will likely go unnoticed while. Finally, there's the larger danger to CCI that American isn't ready to start putting phones in their cars and that the whole cellular revolution will stall. That prospect bothers Bill Ginsberg instead of. "I've got plenty of time for people to come to their senses," he says.

—Mark Gill



1967	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE	1977	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
1968	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE	1978	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
1969	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE	1979	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
1970	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE	1980	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
1971	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE	1981	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
1972	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE	1982	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
1973	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE	1983	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
1974	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE	1984	NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
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DOCUMENTARY

Cocaine



NUKE CITY

Wake up, America, to another sunny doomsday in Washington, District of Catastrophe

By Martin Amis

WASHINGTON IS NUCLEAR CITY IN any imaginable exchange, however "surgical," "splendid," or "therapeutic." Washington would go (and so would San Diego, Seattle, and San Francisco). Washington would be "taken out." Its well-furnished multi-story office buildings would go, its museums and universities would go, a good deal of technology as America has would go, along with all the random life that any great city contains: the jazz bars of Georgetown, the residential towers of Capitol Hill, the beggars (jobless of the street), the profiteers (using no words), the bumper sticker saying *HORROR CRACKS*, the National Gallery's Museum, The Early Years in

Nuke (and that potential stored in human form and posture), the Rose Garden, the day schools—all would go. Washington stands there, like a king on a pedestal, waiting for catastrophe.

When nuclear weapons become real to you, when they stop buzzing around your ears and actually point into your head, hardly as home prices without some flash or flash, some heavy pulse of enraging supercatastrophe. Soaring at the many-eyed helms of the Capitol, you see the clouds above on fire, the weather sky ignited, takes out. Now is the time to seal this, and your head is the place to see it at

Washington and America Martin Amis is the author of *Leviathan* and *Washington* (Harcourt). *American* is a collection of essays. *The Moon Is Below* is published by Viking.



The reality won't be seen by anyone. Certain Vegetables, I suppose, might get to view the lit brass, the scorching shower, the massive fist of the mushroom cloud. But no one will "see" the burning city. Its dimensions there will be no witnesses, there will just be another lost hyacinth, a lost million. Many times the citizens had tried to imagine a nuclear attack upon a city. What the camera cannot get, what we cannot put, is the simultaneously everything becoming nothing, all at once.

Washington is a nuclear city, is Theriacopia, is nuclear acid, too. With its ocean geography and great nuclear weapons against the Russians, its public enemy, its long know-how. But what of the intellectual resources, what of the thought, the acuity, and conversation they hourly consume? In activities, transactions, committees, endowments, and at a thousand offices along the corridors of power, people are sitting around all day thinking about their own-made objects, nuclear weapons—the strongest subjects, with an aqueduct, profundity, and nuance, its addictive fascination and terrible glamour, its unique transcendence and complexity. Having read a yard of books on the question, I had come to Washington to read a yard more, to talk nuclear issues, to peer into the nuclear campus. People come up with all these nuclear weapons, and then nuclear weapons come up with all these people—thinkers, makers—to wonder what to do with them, what to do about them, how to demolish them.

"Some of these guys," one expert told me, "are nuclear for life. Only one subject. Nuclear this. Nuclear that." Their offices walls are sand-bagged with nuclear literature, their doors are bagged with nuclear documents and pamphlets. They like maps, graphs, blackboards. They tend to talk with almost pathological rapidity; you sit there listening to a series of acoustics, blizzards of observations. In some of their faces you can make out the orbits of atoms, of atomic cars, but many of the boys at the school have the supercomputer, the instant output of the god-ford holidays. Two things immediately strike you—or they struck me. There are no women here. And there are no animals.

This last point exercised me above and beyond the familiar torment of nuclear denial. Halfway through an afternoon of intense discussion, with my bags starting to sink and my blood in three customary half-hourly surges, I would wonder what the usual feelings of shame and cowardice, and say, "Would you mind if I had a cigarette?" "Yes, I would, actually," was the standard reply. With shared embarrassment we would then hunch back into one X-ray lens and hand-kill capital letters. Even if you get them out of the office and into a bar, they cough and gag and then smother the instant you get breathing. It seems disgusting that these commensals of thermal pulse

and supersonic transportation, these fast-food men/bots and defense artists should all go green at the sight of a Marlboro. But you are used to get discouragement—come, sugar, pathetic!—when your subject is nuclear weapons.

NUCLEAR WEAPONS ARE EVERYTHING AND NOTHING. This is their genius. On those heels, they are harpizing chips, pieces in a propaganda contest, peace-keepers—eventually cancelling, a double bluff we all go along with. They are nothing. How can anyone get hurt by an "atomic"? On the other hand, nuclear weapons are what they are and do what they do, they multiply matter by the speed of light squared; they deal in tons of blood and rubble, they are instruments of mass destruction. They are everything, because they can destroy everything. It's just as well, for their sake, that they sometimes look like nothing.

Marcus Raskin, who is now senior lecturer for Policy Studies in Washington, tells the following story about his time with the "nuclear community" under Kennedy. This was 1961. Word came through that the Soviet Union was about to test a fifty megaton hydrogen bomb. Everybody watched for their circular slide rules. "Fifty thousand tons," people were calmly muttering. "Four times blackboard." It took several minutes before they realized what they were dealing with: not the equivalent of fifty thousand tons of TNT, but the equivalent of fifty million tons of TNT. And these were experts who thought about little else. As Raskin says, if you stare at nuclear weapons long enough, you start to lose your grip on what they are, what they do.

Actually, it was rather like one million tons of TNT. Fifty-eight megatons, the biggest bang ever. A train carrying the Hiroshima payload in TNT form would take up four miles of track. A train carrying the equivalent of the Soviet H-bomb would put a circle round the earth at the latitude of London with a three-thousand-mile overlap. Military strategists of course have a special contempt for such life-hive-ll-as-Nor lawlessness. And that contempt is understandable. For at moments like these, nuclear weapons edge out of their shadowland; they edge out of nothing and start leading for everything. We see them, but do we really believe them? Believe it or not. Believe it or not. Luckily for us, that is not what nuclear weapons are unbelievable. They defy belief, they are beyond belief. Do we really see the truth—do we really see the preposterous imagery of fifty-eight million tons of TNT?

The atom-bomb, said J. Robert Oppenheimer, who put the first one together, "is like 'It's just a big bang.' He had his rather different after the Alamogordo test. 'I came in here from the fire. He is a surprise.' Now I am become death,

destroyer of worlds." Both situations are quite accurate. Everything and nothing. If they become everything, we become nothing. If they become nothing, we become everything, all over again. So which is it going to be?

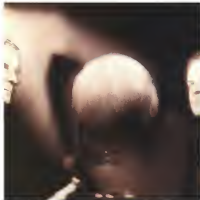
ONE PLACE I HAVE FOUND MARCUS RASKIN AT the Institute for Policy Studies you will find William Arkin, who describes himself as America's "most troublesome nuclear weapons expert." His office resembles that of an eternally disgraced academic—the room is cluttered, cluttered, yet orderly, alphabetized, fingered. Behind the cover of his beard and glasses, Arkin seems at first to invade the bourgeois and place of the face

People came up with all these weapons, and then nuclear weapons came up with all these people to wonder what to do with them. Having read a yard of books on the question, I had come to Washington to read a yard more, to talk and listen, to peer into the nuclear campus.

nuclear: you feel you are keeping him in from higher things. And to you are.

There is a kind of make-everything sounds like monochord—amused, reflective, cheerfully scandalized. You talk about government policies and you were talking about your children, these positive delinquencies, their cast members. You know what they do? Have you heard what they are doing now? For a while Arkin said did his kind of make chat. He told me about the 50,000 nuclear hardened coffee pot, the "hardness to test" facility at Fort Belvoir, south of St. Louis. Then his manner changed, and I sensed what I was to sense any sane Washington: a desire to escape complexity, to escape detail and the proliferation of detail, a desire to change the language, to edge back toward first principles.

"What you have to understand, what you



the moon, even the innocent quarks, among the most distant objects in the universe, are pressed into service (Very Long Baseline Interferometry) for superacoustic readings of the earth's motion and polar motion. Meanwhile, planets of positive "resonance" radii hold "strategic locations" and wonder whether the cable-TV network needs "manned security specifications." Meanwhile, the National Weather Service finds wind data from civil-defense computers twice daily to update fallout forecasts. Everything and nothing (but mostly everything), a pulsulating reality dependent upon thousands of assumptions, all of them untested, all of them untestable.

Military science is deeply involved in the planet, in nature. But what kind of science is it? It is national interest. Let us look further (Leave us alone, we said!) it might have a weapon under a.) Volcano activation, hurricane manipulation, tidal-wave activation, quackweed germination, ice-cap liquefaction, ozone depletion, asteroid diversion: all have been looked into as possible means for getting the best out of nature's weapons. Other weird shapes lurve and loom in the realm of speculation. The uranium weapon, which would yield forty three megatons for every kilogram expended. The heat bomb, a pigskin for thousands megatons device exploded outside the atmosphere: there would be no fallout, no blast—and as oxygen enters, aerobic survivors of the continental fragments would soon succumb to asphyxiation. Finally, for now, there is the black-hole weapon. A small black hole could be electrically restrained and thus be proof of fresh material; it would explode, and at last we would be up there in the million-megaton range. Some people, you might reasonably conclude, are never satisfied.

"You've heard about smart weapons? Well, now they have *foolish* weapons." Asked the corner from the Institute for Policy Studies in the Committee for National Security—shouted, appropriately enough, above a party called *Vivaiva!*. My interlocutor was Robert English, manufactured, bright-eyed, casually dapper, another young expert in another speculative area. "There's the 'deep-penetration' or assault-bomber weapon called *Slam*. You fire a probe deep into enemy lines, and it disperses submunitions about the size of hockey pucks that will seek out enemy roads." If there are no tanks around, the brilliant weapon will helplessly hang in there until some enemy tanks show up. Robert English smiles and shrugs and shakes his head.

"It's the saddest story. With Gorbachev things are really difficult. Look at the mountains on leaving. Little bit of an American response, you just get a series of excuses. They say that the Soviets had just finished a series of tests. They say that because we don't have a 'balanced economy' our scientists will go

have to make clear, is that the nuclear arsenal is a living organism, constantly adjusted, refined, stirred, programmed, controlled. Under Reagan we have shifted from prevention to preparation. They're not interested in World War III. They're interested in World War IV. The nuclear war plays out 180 days. It's a confusion of inevitability—"It can't not happen"—though it's so fucking complicated that they can't even see it. . . . Nuclear war is not just in the air. The whole planet is wired up for it."

Nuclear geography—or cosmology—is a pressing theme in Adair's work. You read him and learn to live with skepticism, with impatience, because he is telling you that the nuclear arsenal is not somewhere—it is everywhere. Every minute, in thousands of locations, in the oceans, in the heavens, there are reports, readings, dispatches, messages, postscripts, preambles. "The Defense Mapping Agency has 'discovered' one third of the earth's 50 million square miles; scientists monitor the weather, the upper atmosphere, sun spots, meteor trails, they study "gravity anomaly profiles" and cloud particle characteristics (for "non-convective living applications"). The high-resolution spacecraft is a kind of the way to

Nuclear weapons are everything and nothing. This is their genius. On the one hand, they are bargaining chips, pawns in a propaganda contest, peace-keepers—mutually canceling. They are nothing. On the other hand they multiply matter by the speed-of-light squared; they deal in tons of blood and rubble. They are everything, because they can destroy everything.

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off and make toys unless they get a regular fix. It's always 1972, for some reason. Recently there was some historical agreement on a new emphasis on "improvisely focused targets": small, mobile, land-based missiles. Classy stuff. A good idea for both sides. It's now becoming clear from the Department of Energy figures that money is being spent on an enhanced electromagnetic pulse weapon that would release electrons over a wide area. What would this weapon be directed against? "Improvably focused targets." It happens again and again. It really is the saddest story."

IF HISTORY IS A NEIGHBORHOOD where we are trying to avoid, then the Reagan era may be seen as an eight-year blackout. Namely, quite unobtrusively thousands of years of so-so artifice. This was the Reagan Story, when America crashed. Now, perhaps, we have started to come to, at last. Now we notice the state of the house and feel the influence of the state. We look in the mirror and see the patchy beard, the spiked hair, the crooked eyes.

During the early years of the decade, the Irish faced in Reagan's opponent began talking about nuclear weapons in a new tone, in tone of solemnity. Evelyn:

"I never think it would have to choose between peacefully changing the Communist system . . . or going to war."

"Nuclear war is a destructive thing, but still it has to be part of a policy problem."

"It would be a terrible man, but it wouldn't be a woman's problem."

"The whole, even if with a couple of dots, and then three dots for the end of the line. If there are enough arrows to go around, everybody's going to make it."

"I do not think the real danger of the situation is nuclear war and mass destruction, I think the danger is political coercion."

"Two things worried him about what would happen in an actual nuclear war: exchanging this about the effect that the nuclear balance has on the willingness to take risks in local situations."

One would have thought that there was nothing more "worrisome" than an "actual nuclear war" exchanges. But Richard Perle evidently managed to come up with something even more worrisome. American problems. When a powerful man handles such discrepancies, he is sure to get better psychological "De No." "The Prince of Darkness." We internalize him, we send him off to nothingland with his make-up, his auto-lubricators. Perle is gone now, and to hell with him, but he was real, and the pictures were real. They brought people out into the streets, the hundreds of thousands, in 1981 when the President's "vision," the Strategic Defense Initiative, soon to be nicknamed Star Wars, a

different fiction, a kind of science fiction, was consciously explained.

Most of us believe, unconsciously but with good reason, that we live under the auspices of Mutual Assured Destruction. In fact, the Soviet Union has never subscribed to MAD, and indeed has the United States, even for a brief period in the Sixties (Judge McManis briefly allowed the notion to hold sway as a means of heading off military procurement). The underlying strategy has always been something else: preemption, counterforce, escalation dominance, prevailing, keeping victory in the Soviet Union. Or, if you prefer, winning, which at last seems going first. Why does MAD continue to loom in the public consciousness? Because it is an accurate description of reality. Whatever the policy, whatever the plan, MAD will be the result. Mutual Assured Destruction is not an arrangement between the U.S. and the USSR. It is an arrangement between human beings and nuclear weapons.

Strategic thinking always misses and keeps back on itself, as it must. The ballroom missile defense idea, for instance, has been around since 1946, long before there was any ballistic missiles in defense, and has popped up every ten years or so. Predictably, the winning idea is a year older and has justly survived the appearance of thirty thousand nuclear warheads on the other side. Nuclear war fighting, "prevailing," has recently been kept at the third-rank, worst case level, whittled out in stages of crisis or belatedness—and whittled back in again when the planners need the "offensive deterrent" or when the public sees the planners. For the Reagan era, the Reagan era, was a new phenomenon. After the uncertain results of 1981-83, everyone was told in that up while SDI would "the most high ground." Momentarily presented as being everything, nuclear weapons quickly went back to being nothing.

And what about Ronald Reagan? What does the thinking, the personal discrepancy that he represents? Here is a thoughtful old actor with a head full of Amargolden theology and Manichaeism, surrounded with war movies and images of Kessler's Degrade, an old man who has his forehead cut into a new (Comprehension: The Day), broken out of a second (MAD: E), and is whirling away as a third (ARM), a bubbling, Mooring. He is a man who now borders the spoils of the biggest battles, or spend up, in the history of the planet. "We may be the generation that sees Amargolden." "We have a different regard for human life than those monsters do." "It is the only viable democracy we can rely on as a sponsor for Amargolden conditions." William Shakespeare tells about "the Caligula possibility"—with the President somehow going into a nuclear war—but we may be

Frames are such misleading things.
The story goes that Picasso came into George Bae one day to buy a frame from the



proprietor. Not having enough money for the frame he'd chosen, Picasso dashed off a drawing on a piece of brown wrapping paper. Mr. Bae graciously accepted the drawing as payment. Gave Picasso the frame. And threw away the drawing.

Frames are such misleading things.

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ANTHONY VENTURA
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they will all be one option. That's what no-choice options are: no options.

On the nuclear issue, as on so many others, Ronald Reagan has deceived the American people. "Ronald Reagan has deceived the American people," I was told, more than once, not just by Potomac Manoeuvre analysts and outsiders in federal buildings, sitting down with their computers and their cherry Cokes. "Don't name me—I'll lose my job." The hidden man was head supervisor (only one supervisor), the man who was in control and managed the Russians, while throwing repeated orders their way to keep public opinion quiet. To the administration it faded away. (Gorbachev called this.)

Now, coming to us world-famous film, we may praise the first serious reduction of the witch out for those Soviet satellites. The prime mover in this endeavor is not Ronald Reagan. The prime mover is Oliver North, with the help of some pillow talk from Nancy, to the attempts to spread up a loaded presidency for the history books. Reagan's favored policy was to negotiate from nuclear strength. In 1987, he managed to bring up the domestic situation. "You hear that, Ivan?" Colonel North used to shout during his lectures on geopolitical strategy. Well, you hear that, Ollie? Such are the cosmic jokes, the astronomical cheap shots, that fashion our destiny in the nuclear age.

AFTER FORTY YEARS OF CONSIDERED THOUGHT, no one has got anywhere with nuclear weapons. No one has discovered what to do with them, to me has discovered how to do without them. The story of their management is a story of repetition, false promises, the strategy of hope. Nuclear technology changes, the power-plant changes, but the mission does not change. It is a silent paradox, public opinion has changed only that aspect of policy that directly concerns the public: it has killed off civil defense. (Remember the films and drills, the mass shelter campaigns, the pathetic docility of the human sector?) Public opinion is often, however, and it is waiting. Imagine nuclear weapons as someone he says: "don't they are, popularly saying, slightly less, yet not up to the level." For they fear what they most desire, ordinary people, people who have in it their mortal wish: people who have grasped a simple truth: that there is something wrong with the planet.

Fred Kaplan is among the most recent nuclear chroniclers. He completed his classic study, *The Wizards of Armageddon*, at the age of twenty-eight. Four years later, his young face bears the effects of care and stress, but those I partly attributed to his two-year-old son, daughter, who stayed and staggered around the lunch table to us. "You go and this subject with certain feelings and interests. They go in unadvised by endless complex-

ity. The complexity has no limit, and you can take on as much of it as you want. But when you come out on the other side, you're left with the same feelings and interests. They're completely unchanged." Although Fred will talk about nuclear weapons, and talk well, he says we are engaged and long suffering. "The world is over their heads," says his wife, "and just waits about for it or something." Fred reads and signs. We all want to give them up. We are all long suffering. We all want to give them up and get on to something else.

Seeing the Kaplans' children made me anxious to use my own. If you spend too much time with this subject, you begin to feel more at ease in nothingness, you begin to feel more at ease, and then you feel. You want to get away from the death-sweat, you want to get back to life. And when I took my son to the swimming session of the 742 at Delos. I realized I was dying back just as I had flown in without any sadness, later complexity, without any more fatigue—but unchanged. However for you get on to nuclear weapons, there is no understanding to be had, only more knowledge. That is as it should be, because nuclear weapons are nothing.

And everything, also, at the same time. In *The Fate of the Earth*, Jonathan Schell summed the need for sobriety in the nuclear debate. The Personal Man must be eyed by the Recorder, despite the contents of conversation and anger. I have always assumed to the justice of this story, while often wondering why I find it so hard to share by. I personally don't want to be civil to, or civil about, the Pentagon hardiness, the peace at Present Danger, the chara-school colored on the phone with his You know and that a view we're here for that what else are they here for, the power of darkness, the invisible, the invisible President. How easily do civil-law rules apply to civilization's enemies? This is a human story, and human persons, human institutions, can be brought to bear upon it.

The answer to this predicament must be of the same size as that predicament. It must have compromise. The nuclear debate is a debate conducted with our fathers—but it is about our children. If the Recorder sees to his value and eventually pathologized—if the planet is to grow up—then our children will have to act in self-defense. We must fix our kids so that they will have nothing to do with anyone who has anything to do with anyone who has anything to do with nuclear weapons, with instruments of blood and rubble. This process will begin at that moment of mortal shame when we recognize them with the stars and stripes, the facts of life, the facts of death. So come on. In an extension of final confession, we will have to take deep breaths, wipe our eyes and stare into theirs, and tell them what we're doing. ■

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DR. STEVE KAPLAN
VETERINARIAN, ALUMNI
TV PERSONALITY
GOOD MORNING AMERICA



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SCENES

The Good People at SAM'S BAR

*Anthropological soundings as collected in
your typical neighborhood joint*

By Donald Barthelme and Seymour Chwast

So I had this piece in
Raggy's Raggy and they
wanted a mug shot to go
with it so they got Andy
Warhol to do it. He had me
sweat him in Times Square
and he put me in one of
those plastic bags and
took four bucks' worth of
pictures. Then he picked
out the worst one and
Raggy's Raggy saw it.
That was in '63.
I loved Andy.

Raggy was an executive
With the Raggy Scouts. He
referred to the Raggy Scouts
as The Movement. He
believed in it. He was
forever going off to what
they called jamborees. He
wore short pants there,
short khaki pants. It was
it was all very warlike
but he didn't have the legs
for short pants, for men
do. The knee is not my
favorite joint.



To this jerk, this doctor,
says to me, "You're a not
unintelligent woman." Do
you like that? "A not
unintelligent woman."

I would have cleaned his
clock for him.

We dentists have more
humility because we're
dentists.

I'm into grief, man, grief
had heavy grief I do this
grief rap and it cracks
people up. I dreamed my
mother had cancer and I
was asking her about it on
the telephone and she
couldn't say anything. I
kept asking her questions
and she didn't say
anything, there was just
this silence, people get off
on grief, man, you get
actual weeping. I mean
there's a wide kind of
grief across the entire
spectrum.

I'm a second generation
artist. My daddy was a
chainsaw artist, made
sculptures with his
chainsaw. You don't see
that so much in the East, I
do that Art. Like what I'm
wearing.



Who now remembers
 Dr. Frank J. Strassman and the
 fighting Chetniks? Who
 now remembers Sister
 Rosalia Thompson? Who now
 remembers "Tough Tony"
 Calender? Who now
 remembers "Wrong Way"
 Corrigan? Only we, in all
 the world.



The music business,
 however, is not a business.
 It's a world. Good things
 happen to some people,
 and bad things happen to
 some people. Bad things
 happen to good people,
 and good things happen to
 bad people. But who are
 we to say who are the
 good people and who are
 the bad people? We do say
 who are the good people
 and who are the bad
 people, because we know
 who are the good people
 and who are the bad
 people, but we do it with a
 proper humility, with an
 appropriate humility.
 Sincerely, Beavis.

We are the good people,
 I hope.



Let us now praise funny men....

Is Comedy Making a Comeback or What?

America laughs again!

By TOM SHALES

SO, how DO YOU DO IT? How do you get laughs today? How do you get good jokes? Well, why the hell not? It couldn't be for lack of comedians. There must be more comedians per capita in the United States now than ever before in history. Comedians are the new troubadours. People don't go to clubs to hear folk singers anymore (perhaps you've noticed). They go to clubs to hear folk talkers. Comedians are so new what folk singers were to the 1930s, except that few of them do protest comedy or politically charged comedy. A lot of these don't even do current comedy. They do attitude comedy, comedy about feelings, and comedy about remembering feelings one had when one was capable of feelings.

Today's comedy is not the comedy of pain. It is comic comedy of angst. It is not even, despite the obvious exception, the comedy of cruelty. It's the comedy of anxiety. The anxiety within. It's the comedy of not being precisely sure what's funny. Or what's going to happen next. Not necessarily exactly, necessarily may require too great a commitment. There's something very pervasive about the miscommunications of most of today's comedy. We're puzzled on the edge of something wonderful! Or something comically dreadful. Pique, tension, evenness, collapse, war, an uneasy combination of all of these. How sad that you can never see the comedy getting there already. It's over already. There's nothing there. Comedians tremble

Boogerboogerbooger.

But there's this complication, but times bring good comedy. It's almost axiomatic. About the time America entered World War II, Charlie Chaplin sprang full bloom from the head of the well-known Chaplin. During the Great Depression, people went to comedies about making money. World War II found Hope and Crosby on the road. "You can go out for popcorn, folks, let's go to the movies." Hope told the theater audience as the music swelled beneath him. When the nuclear age hit, Abbott and Costello said, "Fuddududud." Indeed, who didn't? Oh, there's a special symbolism. "Every night when the moon is full, I turn into a wolf!" said Lon Chaney Jr. as Lawrence Talbot. "You," said Lou Costello, "and fifty million other guys."

The McCarthy Era was the Cold War weren't very funny, but Milton Berle was there to give radio's old-time music an lift through television, Steve Allen around late-night TV, and Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca crowned about *Four Score and Seven: A Year of Vietnam* came M*A*S*H, only it was an American only it was about Vietnam.

In the late Sixties along came *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*, a pivotal moment for comedy. For all the ancient whistles that were part of its trappy farcical assault, *Laugh-In* helped catalyze the idea that the biggest comedy could be on TV, not just the safest and most popular. Richard M. Nixon saying "Sock it to 'em!" was certainly on a new, higher plane of comic consciousness than *The Beverly Hillsbillies* and *Green Acres*. Then all the

rules were rewritten when NBC's *Saturday Night Live* bowed in 1975, not just because it brought raucous, political, and outrageous humor to TV, but because it pulled things comedy into the mainstream. It picked up dozens and dozens of comedies like the *National Lampoon* (John Belushi was discovered as part of the touring *National Lampoon* stage show) and made them into comedy nobody had thought could ever be done on TV.

The first sketch on the first show had Belushi and Michael O'Donoghue sitting in an office out of an American play and talking about feeling fat getting to work every day. Television was now so comfortably a part of the establishment that it could afford to accommodate anti-establishment humor.

"Listen, actually comedy was dead seven years ago," says Steve Martin, Prince of the conceptual stand-up and now a movie star. "There was Richard Pryor and George Carlin, and that was it. It was post-Vietnam and post-'76. People were very serious, and *Saturday Night Live* came along and liberated everybody. I always feel a part of *Saturday Night Live*, even though I wasn't, really." Ah, but Martin goes back to say a show was developed, with Dan Aykroyd, those fantastic Carlinis, the frenzied heifers, two heads parading their bodies as they covered the earth for fossils with the American dream.

"I feel I had a little hand in hand in bringing comedy back to life," says Martin. "And I

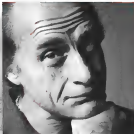
The *Shades* writing group was considered a failure for the pure, the last part of a profile of Woody Allen, was the *Shades* comedy.



Steve Martin, Comic Laureate: He showed us that a man with an arrow through his head could still dance, and that gave us hope. He was wild and crazy, and so we could be, too. Now with *Aladdin* he has matured. When asked to state his profession, Martin answers with one word: Comedian. In the following pages we salute a few of the historic figures who can make this same noble claim.

want to escape the other way, back to Middle town, whether it's in transition or not. You can see the tendency in the popularity of musicians such as Clanton Killefer and commentators such as Andy Rooney and columnists such as Jerry Shandling. And, of course, in *The Cosby Show*, which seems mainstream even though it's about a black family living in New York. NBC's *Late Night with David*

SID CAESAR: The Source



"Packer with das Epsl Packer and
weiter denn ni von dan Pack,
neil to the wan dat you luff. Wenn
der Pack kommt to der odder
Pack, sprach it away. Mit der schleck."

Clearly, because it happens more quickly than it used to, Richard Pryor, for example,

JACKIE MASON: The Rabbi



"A Jew on vacation is looking for a place to sit. That's it. Jewish resorts are the only ones that advertise. Grand-New Lobby." A Jew sees a chair, it's a successful vacation."

is a good king can believe all got to here. No one was ever brilliant at saving his own life for personal or material purposes for quite so long in the public eye. But being so literally in the dogs seems to accelerate banquets. Jay Leno seemed the hippest and best of the young comedians only about a day or two ago, and now he's already the older statesman of hot young comedians. And then Doctor

comendable braids. Let's see, the Llewellyns, when was that, from about 1984 to 1987?

"In the future, everyone will be funny for half an hour."

Jackie Mason has been funny for twenty years. Maybe longer. He's a emotional figure between old school and new school. Like Mel Brooks, he's helping to preserve an important, indispensable American comic subculture: urban, Jewish, neurotic, fastidious. Jackie Mason isn't going to write and direct movies, most likely, though he's been in a couple (Steve Martin, a fan, cast him as the psychiatric owner in *The Jerk*). What Mason does, what he was put on this earth to do, is plain old stand-up. He's a purist, a philosopher, an anthropologist, he spots and dissects absurdities in human behavior patterns. And groups. He's a great on group.

"Two thirds of the actual world consists of water," he lectures. "And there is a very good question here: Do we really need that much water? Does it really need it? Maybe the glasses need it, but most Jews have a swimming pool." Graciously hey heims and go on cranes, Mason says, but Jews buy boats instead. If the boat is sinking, it's a mouse, no problem. "I know five thousand Jews with boats I've never seen a Jewish boat move yet."

The sign of a great comic, as one else could in Jackie Mason's contract and get laughs with it. Much depends on the quack delivery, a crazy macabre rhythm, karling and laughing and ka-thoms. But it's more than that. Mason is truly imbued with the comic spirit, he's not just a guy doing jokes it comes from within, and maybe from centuries back.

Mason proves that there doesn't have to be anything at all controversy about comedy to be at work. With the Tony-winning success of his one-man Broadway show, *The World According to Mr. Mason*, he became the first older comic since Rodney Dangerfield to draw a new young audience. The music is simple. The audience has finally caught up with him. The audience is young enough to grin the jokes. It looks at Jackie Mason and realizes why it loves comedians. He's distilled essence of comic. This show is so funny, it's moving.

"It's hard not to feel a little better," Mason says of his belated audience. "I can't help

wonder why it is, the same kind of a person, the same kind of a job, why couldn't they see it before? Why should I have to wait twenty-five years before they think it's funny?" One obstacle that interrupted Mason's career was an unfortunate incident on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, when many people, including Sullivan, thought Mason, harassed by cuts from off-stage emcees, had gone Seltzer on the

brought his girlfriend and you're up there throwing her around. The jokes now are a very easy, comfortable way to become a comedian. That's why younger comedians today who are uncensored, quiet kids with glasses who look like accountants. "Woody Allen, in his long-ago stand-up days, paved the way for all of these."

"Most of the young comics are broader and more aware of our society than the older guys," Mason says. "They're with more insight. My generation talked about things that, to tell you the truth, were not that interesting. Artificial jokes about their wives, their children, things that didn't really matter in the audience's life. A comic was like a second salesman, a guy with a big mouth. Today their performing ability is a lot worse, but they have more to say."

Young comics tend to be imitators of their prime of Jerry Carson, not only in it consciously but as an unconscious of young comic talent. He's the gripper, he shows it all the most desirable national point of entry, though Llewellyn is closing. Jerry Seinfeld says the first time he appeared on Carson, in 1981, he was mistaken with panic. "It's so legendary, that show, it's like being on *Carson*. It's like opening up your TV set and getting this. You look over at Carson, and you expect to see a knock next to his face. He's halfway in a lot. He seems to remember when he was just a young comic starting out."

But Mason says, "Carson for some reason never liked me. It doesn't take a genius to see if a guy doesn't invite you to his house, he's not a great friend. He never wanted to see me, he just showed very recently."

Mason says one nemesis of the comic, the locker, is now all but extinct. Of course, nobody heckles him on Broadway these days, but you, most of the comedy clubs, the old tradition of the door rowdies heckling comics is pretty much dead. The audience and the comic have grown closer together. They're more interrelated. It's a pop rally now. Many comics will tell the crowd at the end of a set, "You've been great." One performer congratulates the audience for its performance, or even, "You've made this fun for me." We should over that a new bar for them? Somehow we do.

DON RICKLES: The S.O.B.



"This is your wife? Jeze.
What was it, a cat? I'm kidding.
She's a pretty lady.
She's the type you take to
a butcher shop and put on a hook."

guy. The girl wasn't done? And Mason said the just didn't like it. But the impression stuck. Mason had? He looks like he's not a quiet little comedy troupe as his own. He didn't do the old-fashioned way, but he wrote and burlesque jokes. "There are some guys and heads and long guys and long hair, it's a threatening atmosphere," he says. He counts the "but long guys" out of the mix. "They're wrong for the guy, and you're standing there, silent, Jewish and trying to tell a joke. That's the last thing they want to see at that moment."

"The comedy clubs are not the difficult as caricature. Everything is conducive to comedian. Not like nightclub, where a guy has

WOOL FEELS NEW!



COMFORTABLE
CASUAL
SOFT

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his career, though his work in *All of Us*, with Lily Tomlin, came close.

One problem with making funny comedy films is the lack of funny-minded producers. Everybody wants John Landis to become the made-by comedies, but his mechanical approach has all the comedy gusto of William Brodwin. Joel and Ethel Cohen proved themselves superb comedy directors with their youthful romp, *Runaway Train*, but the Cohen brothers want to do better in other genres, too, not just comedy.

One could hope the Cohens would pour such love, personality, and attention into Albert Brooks and continue making comic films that walk the provocative path, and avoid overblown projects on a classical scale. Instead, opening of all kinds of special-effects crap shows. *Ghostbusters* really was the great Sci-Fi extravaganza man featured in his book, at Woodlawn Hallway Boulevard and outside Midway Street USA. Hollywood got the message from this movie: its twisting, tag-bagging, and special effects are good in moderation. They didn't realize that when you submit Jeff Moray from *Ghostbusters*, all you've got left is *Dragon*.

John Hughes' success in defining follow-ups for having made the same teenage comedy over and over, but the filmic series and director Steven Seiden, *The Breakfast Club*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* are always better than those he only writes (*Pretty in Pink*, *Some Kind of Wonderful*), and his new film, *Twins*. *Flowers and Automobiles*, with Steve Martin (and John Candy), is about as bad as doesn't want to make only comedies, but then he said he didn't want to be a father, either. Director Spike Lee and Robert Weiswasser both made radically promising film features with *She's Gotta Have It* and *Whiteboy* Diggly, but second features had to be more mediocre.

If the original *Saturday Night Live* stars never recovered for the movie, everybody out of season's day's comedy, not to do the very same audience genre of SCTV, who also continued with their spirit, even the show that down. In its various hyped-up comedy and NBC's under-valuation, the success of SCTV seemed to be to stage and clever comedy show in a self-approbation. Not

many of the shows appear now to have fallen prey to it themselves, in have become what they lampooned. When Albert Martin did a short-lived sitcom called *Raise for CBS* last season, it had the lead of French bachelors to the used to ridicule with wicked accuracy on SCTV. John Landis, some would say now, has all but become Johnny Larkin, the copious tyrant he played on SCTV, the fat guy who

pretends comedy insurance has been largely suspended. The impulse goes out of people just to have the very comedy women twenty million bucks in their pants.

TO COMEDY MENUS ARE IN BAD shape, though one to reverse the trend could always be right around the corner, how about the rise of the comedy comic personality? Comedy the lighters are pretty funny, it is a rich sort of way. George Schlatter, who created and produced the original *Cheerleaders* post-1970s National American Comedy Awards special, thinks comedy personality is just beyond the next punch line.

"We're right there on the edge of the grayboard, of only just exploding into a comedy renaissance," says Schlatter, now posting stand-up comes into his syndicated *George Schlatter's Comedy Machine* show. Schlatter does himself the depth of topical satire, but he's not one to disappear. "It's ironic," he says. "It's exactly twenty years since *Laugh In* went on the air. It all goes in cycles. We were just as fucked up in '67 as we are in '87. Then we had Vietnam, now we got Nicaragua. Then we had the CIA, now we got the CIA. We haven't fixed a problem since."

One reason topical humor is not more prevalent, it doesn't pay as well. It's harder to monetize. "Now everybody is interested in the back end, in terms of marketing," says Schlatter. "It could have a future as an industry if you're too topical. You must do something that'll be funny in a year or a half year from now. The lawyers and the accountants make over, even in the comedy business. Every time a lawyer graduates from law school, a comedian dies."

"It's an industry now, comedy," says Lorne Michaels, who was also awarded *Saturday Night Live*. Michaels sees an uneasy comedy tradition in the Eighties now, not just in the days John Rivers was the high point of it. "I've always hated her. Always hated her," he says. "It's that comedy comedy. It goes back to the great comedy comedy of 1981, when People magazine sold more subscription than had children. So they invented a class of people who are celebrities just for being celebrities. John Rivers's was not about celebrity-baiting. It was all real to

people. But life is that cycle is over."

Before *Saturday Night Live*, people who watching comedy were not clear on a *Saturday Night Live* tradition, the idea that the biggest comedy in the world could be done, and found, in television. The cable channels, with their constantly renewed showcases for young and old comedians, have reinforced the idea.

Comedy now is largely specialty comedy, the comedy of not knowing quite which way to go. We're as scared in media that it's hard for a comic to be original, but success has been on the simple reference-recognition comedy about 7 Eleven stores and *Chickie McSpagetti* (yes, what do they put in those things, anyway?). You get a lot of Comedy McSpagetti and much more material. It reflects the lack of identity that haunts it in a huge last decade of ours and where it's all lacking. Well, to the Nineties, go.

David Byrne, who is an authority on what's funny and on what's frightening, has never done almost the instant Ronald Reagan leaves office in the whole comic era is going to collapse. The big pop bubble he blew, and we all know it, will explode. We are all going to be covered in sticky pink goo. That's what we're going to see for the best comedian since we're here.

The point is, the Eighties are not good times. They are bad times corresponding to

good times. Any minute now, bloody Gels, such a pain. It seems we all missed just a tad too much of that dangerous chemical Reaganism and we're drunk on it. You can't make jokes about a president who makes jokes about himself, who calls about having been Little Big Horn and King Hank. As Reagan's star falls, the political cartoon of American humor rises. The next president had better have a couple of comedy writers on the staff or risk getting stomped left and right by papers. When we do, I have long to look himself around again, political humor may come back.

But I don't have to be political to be funny, not by a long shot. The resurgence of stand-up comedy doesn't have to be seen as a step backward. We can't expect the progress of comedy to shut a line on a graph like the advance of technology does. Comedy will never get further than when Laurel screwed up and Lloyd looked into the camera. There may be more of it, but it was just my better than that.

The George Williams Office (North) keep telling us what a dangerous world this is. They're right, it is dangerous. They're forward among the dangerous. There's nothing wrong with the kids, the movie, the books, the music, the science, the people, the people, the people, the people. The next comic should be beyond the next cloud—if you can get that high in the Sixties we warned if comedy didn't

have "insurance." The fact is, comedy is always relevant.

So how you pay does now? You had any good laughs yet? Well, you read it, and you still haven't had a good laugh? What are you, comedy or out of printing? Hey, that Dr. Ruth, does she talk funny, or what? Hey, that Thelma Houston, does she have a good laugh, or what? And hey, those GQ models, are they what, or what?

American comedy? Well, it's beautiful (and so are you). More could do stuff about them and sometimes and Reagan leaving a scene behind when he leaves office, and how he sweeps so much under the rug that the rug looks like the Himalayas. The fact is, comedy, at least stand-up comedy, is one of the most ancient of human arts, and it's not, standards have not so widely discarded, and production is not all too high.

You could say there are too many comedians. You could say there can't be too many comedians. Don't laugh now (in a sense, in a sense), but comedia does deserve a certain respect, if only for their remembrance. Now that he's broken out so successfully, Steve Martin is asked for the proper way to make it to be. "Let's say 'I'm a comedian,'" he says. "Maybe get a drink and 'what' that when he's rich and leaves a message on an answering machine, it's simple and casual. 'Hi, this is Steve Martin.' Pause. 'The comedian.'"

GILBERT GOTTFRIED: The Howling



"I crashed over the Andes Mountains, but I never ate a soccer player. I brought one along just in case. . . . We were sitting around, and some guy yells out, 'We're hungry, let's break open the soccer player.' I said, 'Come on, you didn't even touch the pilot.'"

arrives on the set and demands a trailer. Dave Thomas used to do a dramatic impersonation of Bob Hope, finding something only just below the comic line; now there are women that Bob Hope is what Thomas aspires to be, that SCTV was too a send-up of show too valiant than a cartoonish situation.

In a more nearly ideal world, the SCTV gang would have been transplanted intact to a sound stage to make the SCTV movie (Thomas and Rick Moranis had their corners as the McKenney brothers in the unfinished *Saturday Night*, but producers labeled them). They could have stayed in Toronto, that's plenty of production going on there. But, instead, instead

the comedy business. Every time a lawyer graduates from law school, a comedian dies."

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THE SHAPE OF SUITS TO COME

TEXT BY G. BRUCE BOYER

The most brilliant style devised for men's clothing in this century. "That is where designers and critics Alan Flusser make the philosophy of and technical approach to men's clothing whose name we more intimately associate with Savile Row, the drape."

Drape, of course, describes what that for half a century has been synonymous with: top style. Based on the shoulders, narrow at the waist, soft without being shapeless, with subtle vertical folds of generously cut cloth at the upper torso — the drape, to its devoted advocates, is the lookiest of all.

The story of the drape's creation is a Savile Row legend: A Dutch tailor named Scholte, whose first name is lost to history, immigrated to England sometime early this century and established himself as a master craftsman on London's famed tailoring street. As fate would have it, he numbered among his customers the complete fix-pate of Guards. And it was among those dazzling robes of Britain's great expenditure that Scholte found inspiration for the drape.

The master tailor's creative curiosity was piqued by the fact that guardsmen

seemed to have more stature, more masculinity when wearing their garments. It finally dawned on him that the reason lay in the design of the garment itself — the combination of a lightly cinched waist and an excess of material around the chest caused a slight bowing when the coat was belted and produced draped vertical folds from the shoulders to the chest in a line at the upper back. (Maybe that's not exactly Anderson figuring out the value of p, but in sartorial theory, it's a key event.)

Obsessed with constructing a business suit emulating these lines, Scholte devised pattern after pattern, widening the natural shoulder

slightly, leaving a bit more cloth under the armpits (Carmichael and Madeleine of upper back), and shifting down the jacket front and chest to waist in minute proportions. Eventually the elements came together in a broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted jacket that was singularly flattering to the male figure.

It was a coat cutter rather than the men's own wardrobe who would go on to perfect the basic drape design. Anderson (the coat cutter) and his friend Sheppard (a pants maker) set up their own tailor shop on Savile Row. By utilizing the softest shoulder padding and chest construction possible, they gave the drape silhouette its airiness and contour. Longtime customers maintain today that Anderson & Sheppard still makes the world's finest suit.

Drape-clothing gives a man to move and sit with comfort and yet have his clothes maintain a controlled silhouette. It is the most difficult challenge in tailoring. After all, anyone can make a soft garment if shape is not a consideration, or a shaped garment if there's no concern for softness and comfort. The trick is to do both.

Designer Alexander Jannis explains the issue of apprentices ("intelligent suit?"). "A garment that is too highly constructed has a restricted ability to adjust. It's like over-engineered music. It lacks the lightness, subtlety, and individuality of jazz. When a man develops his own sense of style, he wants clothes that he can mold to his personality, and the other way around."

In the following pages are contemporary interpretations of Scholte's creative genius. Look closely at the lines, particularly around the shoulders and chest and down to the waist. Compare what you see with what's hanging in your closet. Chances are you'll stop thinking of the style represented here as the drape-cut suit and come to think of it simply as "The Suit."



They used broad chest-ridge single-breasted and wide pants models (L, 1991 and center striped dress shirt with white vertical spread collar (R), by Charles Anderson. Five with broad chest-ridge (L) by Turnbull & Lane.

Classic, comfortable, and flattering, the drape suit is the best new old idea in clothing



*At left, Brown fish-skin
coat double-breasted and
with peak lapels (807)
with dove shirt with
French cuffs (876) with
tie (845) and pocket
square (825), by John
Flanner. Fuchsia and egg
shell with blue tropical
print (855), by Flanner of
Paris.*



*At right, Gray wool shell-
cotton single-breasted
suit with peak lapels
(857) and dove pocket
square (876), by John
Flanner. Cotton, dove
shirt (825) by
Gleason Brothers. Silk
pajama-like tie (828), by
Thornhill & Lane.*



*At left, flared-and-white
vest (double-breasted suit
with notched lapels) (B145)
and white striped dress
shirt with spread collar
(B151) by Carven
Parsons. Suit pants by
(B152) by Robert Talbot.*



*At right, brown wool
double-breasted suit with peak
lapels (B153), white
silk dress shirt with
French cuffs (B154), and
silk tie (B155) by Gianni
Andreotti. Vintage red
silk tie and blue
silk shirt (B156) by
Piero of Tino.*





WINTER TRAVEL '87

DESERT SOJOURN

*Locations are as lovely and beautiful
as minerals, and people don't
easily fit into the picture. Nature
still runs the show here*

BY CHARLIE BAAS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRI HENSEBE





THE WIDE desert, as you may have suspected, is a sort of hoax. You live out there, using everything built up and dismantled, sink holes and shore crabs right down to the ocean, and you think, "That's it. This is as far west as you can go, and this is loved, as everything's moved from east to west."

But there's a gap in this reasoning, and that gap is America's baddest desert, the wind-swept spaces, where gaps of nothing come nearly to men and nature alike. Take the front page of this evening's *Arizona Daily Star*, with two salient facts about the fold: One, when police came to break up a fight at a Short Stop store in Tucson yesterday, fifty onlookers responded by waving debris at the cops, and the situation soon escalated, requiring twenty-eight police cars, one helicopter, and a number of arrests to restore order. Two, the high temperature in Tucson yesterday was 107 degrees.

The *Star* draws no correlation here, but in

your correspondence, squinting at the paper on an Arizona morning, the two ideas are as one. Feeling this best, you can just see those gaps rising in the rustoring of the wrong color-scheme-mix customers, the wrong way, or, really, anyone. It's probably just fine to hold cities in this climate—a spotty idea, really—an long as someone remembers to keep a few of those choppers and up.

Everyone just knew last night, we're up to four thousand feet before the bottom drops out. Halfway down Monoceros Grade, the green drains into the landscape, replaced by the red and brown rocks of a piping canyon, an floor crossed by dirt roads, its mouth opening into flat, hazy wastes.

At the bottom is the Anasazi Desert, California's largest state park, which occupies much of San Diego County and spills into Imperial as well. The roads through the sandy landscape glaze with water mirages, and animals start in front of the car, jackrabbits, fat desert bunnies, and sparrow, and swallows.



Devil's The desert sun caught in two of its more luridly painted—hang over the Anasazi Desert, and setting on the Salton Sea. Above: Gopher and gophers go hard on hard in the surreal landscape of America's hot corner.



deliberately like the one in the Warner Bros. cartoons, and antelope squirrels, who look like two-story chipmunks, dividing their whole tails over their bodies to feel the heat.

The desert is beautiful but not pretty. In the fireball's midnight of morning, there are no clouds or shadows, and there's nothing graceful, like the smooth, luted forms of most big parks, or evidence, like city skylines, everything is jagged. The Laguna Mountains crack the desert sky, and the sand at our feet is a coarse rampancy of altered rock. The desert's plant, with its leaves, angling spirals, looks like lightning trying to pump from the ground.

Pat Flanagan, a biologist who affixes "non-a-matador" signs at the desert, leaves it here. She will cheerfully tell you all the weird wildlife facts you want (sage con-creep plants are pollinated by bats, which may be a start toward explaining tonight's biggest head chills, a predatory wolfed, angles seek to drink on its hooked bill, then scramble its rear working, the kangaroo rat, which doesn't drink water, gets

most rare from dry rock, and has a highly evolved kidney to produce urine up to five times as thick as ours), and she can show you thousand-year-old tree petrifications and three-million-year-old fossilized camel footprints. But her greatest skill is in teaching people how to look at the desert, where much of the life and color is low to the ground, camouflaged, or coded into the sand and stone.

"Water is the best time to come," Flanagan says, as we set off on an exploratory drive. "The light is the most special there, and the weather is perfect." Today, in June, the air has a power station crackle—benches burning, buswingshadow drive bombing, four big recent flying in a spunky single line over a skyscraper road that connects St. Louis to San Francisco in the 1930s. In a smoke-free, Cactus Road is a general store and a gas station. In the distance, where the studies the holes of the colorful landscape.

GOING IN STYLE...

Sure, what you see here is more than you would need for the Grand Tour, much less that week in Paris you've been promising yourself since the last time you were there. And yes, each masterfully rendered piece in this collection of top-of-the-line luggage represents a luxurious, once-in-a-lifetime indulgence, not just something to tote your underwear in. So what? So dream. Maybe you'll make it come true.

1. You can pack Kipling's collected warts and all these items for the cold path ahead in this checked tote from Gherkin. The two roomy exterior and interior trunk are fully constructed, covered in black (of course) cotton canvas, and trimmed in leather (\$4,000 the top).

2. A spacious (11'10" x 30" x 6'10") black two-color with brown stitching, part of the "Cambridge" collection by Alfred Dunhill (\$2,000).

3. You don't want the rightmost hard gold-plated flippers to get bumped around by airport baggage handlers, so this handsome, nondescript, specially grained leather bag from Gucci comes with a separate cover (\$3,500).

4. The next color is the "EPI" leather used by Louis Vuitton for this coffin-bag goes off the way through which means that even a drop scratch there's terribly soft at last, minus the original color and not turn white. Small circulation (\$600).

5. Handcrafted and of hand, the three-sides from T. Anthony Ltd. is lined with gold-plated brass flippers and black (\$300).

6. From Nike of Boston, a new "one-sides" for those short legs on the shoals. Absorbent leather construction with gold-plated flippers, as new it under your feet instead of checking it (\$321).

7. Plain umbrellas (\$75) and cotton-blend

swimsuits by Valentino (\$400).

8. From Agony, a hand-constructed suitcase in London leather coffin, with a canvas cover bag (\$3,700). For a close-up and more detail, see item number 15 on the following page.

9. The classic Gherkin, also from Agony, constructed from an even thicker and more durable London leather coffin (\$1,000).

10. A canvas bag from Louis Vuitton, also of EPI leather, which is also known as "Dotted" leather (\$1,400).

11. Vaccaro leather develops and reflects with time. So it will be with the subtle color backpack from Polo/Ralph Lauren (\$400).



WINTER TRAVEL '87

PLAYING HOUSE IN THE CARIBBEAN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

MUSTIQUE The central attraction of the Caribbean is as a setting, a balmy, turquoise backdrop to the lazy drama of your vacation. All too often you're forced to work with a supporting cast of eager day trippers, a crew of indifferent natives, and a chorus of souvenir vendors. But even if you liked such distinctions, you couldn't find them on Mustique. Developed in the 1960s by British socialite Colin Tennant as a playground for his royal cronies, Mustique has retained the atmosphere of a private island. The fourteen-hundred-acre

retreat in the Grenadines has one twenty-two-room hotel, a general store, a lone bar, and at last count, only 450 full-time residents.

Villa for villa, Mustique offers the finest accommodations in the Caribbean. Many of the homes were designed by the British set designer Oliver Messel, whose penchant for the dramatic is evident in the arched doorways and vaulted ceilings that

characterize the houses. A staff of a few there will take care of everything, from cooking and laundry to buying groceries and chartering the best (or best or Land Rover) around the island's dirt roads. A top of 1.5 to 3 percent of the total rental cost is expected at the end of the week. It's best to find a rental at Christmas time, when many of the owners come down for the holiday. The rest of the winter season requires booking roughly six to eight months in advance.

FLYING IN

From the U.S., the closest transfer point is Barbados. From there it's a fifty-minute

flight west on Mustique Airways or LIAV. Be sure to confirm your connections before you get to Barbados... as flights to the island are not all that frequent.

SURFING

Your housekeeper or cook will get your groceries to the island's general store. They're expensive, convert any pricing twice what you would pay at home. There are only two dining establishments on the island: Cotton House restaurant, which serves a variety of exotic dishes and local fish, and Mustique Beach Bar, which is open from 8-10 in the evening in an unadorned bar decorated only in "tropical" A

count buffet of salads, seafood, and grilled lobster will set you back \$25.

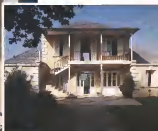
DESTRUCTIONS

There are no private beaches on Mustique, and no need for them. With nine beaches encircling the tiny island, there's plenty of empty sand to go around. Note: swimming isn't much of an ocean sport, most of the time there's no one to see you anyway. The best winds blow across L'Anse-au-Loup Bay, making it the place to go for water sports. Maroon Beach is spectacular for parties. Its wide white sand beach is divided between a cove of hills and the Atlantic.

Don't let the island's prestige prevent deceiving you; Mustique is actually rather affordable. The smallest houses on the island have two bedrooms and rent for about \$2,500 a week in winter. This is Blue Waves, one of the island's more modest, Oliver Messel-designed villas, which rents for \$1,800 a week. It has two bedrooms, a staff of three, and is situated on the southwest end of the island, just behind the Cotton House.

Contact

Resorts Management
The Carriage House
20111 East Twenty-ninth Street
New York, New York 10034
800-225-4255 or 212-696-4866



*How to rent a villa
in the Caribbean
and leave the resort
as a last resort*

designed by the British set designer Oliver Messel, whose penchant for the dramatic is evident in the arched doorways and vaulted ceilings that

Life on Mustique is more European than American, with the emphasis on being rather than doing. The Brits who frequent the island don't go in for active water sports, but that doesn't mean you can't. Mustique has windsurfers, surfers, sailboats, and snorkeling gear for sale. The villa-owners' association maintains a couple of tennis courts for those who dare to break a sweat. Don't even think about golf. The weekly jump-up at Mustique is not to be missed. Dirty Wednesday night the island's European business, restaurant, restaurants, and famous popovers come out of the hills to listen to the sounds of a Venezuelan calypso band and listen till they're hoarse.

BARBADOS If you find Barbados surprisingly hospitable to visitors, it should come as no surprise. After all, they've been in the business for hundreds of years. As early as the seventeenth century, the New World was sending its convicts down to the island to take the cure. Since then, it has built up its facilities considerably, but the influence of its British colonial origins on the environment is clear in the Caribbean. Barbados is comprised by the tropical Caribbean on one side and the temperate Atlantic on the other. Most of the resorts have grown around the (favored west) coast, while the windward side remains comparatively undeveloped.

If you're looking to be pampered for a week, Barbados is the place to visit. Women come with a staff of at least three: a maid and/or laundress, a full-time cook, a gardener, and sometimes a night watchman. Staff members will also purchase groceries, but visitors are expected to provide transportation. At the end of the week, a tip of 50 percent of wages is suggested for each staff member, a figure that translates into about \$25 to \$35 U.S. per person. Minimum stay is a week, except around the Christmas holidays, when it becomes two weeks. Book at least six to ten months in advance.

MOBILITY

Unless your villa is situated along a highway or beach, you'll want to rent a car, which will cost from \$25 a day, depending on what kind you choose. You won't be able to pick up the car at the airport, but after you're settled in, the rental agency will send someone over to your villa with a vehicle and the necessary forms. Pick up your driving permit while you're at the airport, it'll cost you \$10.

DISTRCTIONS

Barbados is circled by coral beaches, which, while not very wide, are plentiful and all public. If you're renting a villa in the Sandy Lane Estate, you can use the property owners' pavilion, which has changing rooms and showers. Guests here at the Sandy Lane Golf Club will use your \$300 for a room or \$150 for the whole week. The Sandy Lane property owners' club also has a tennis court and four lighted courts, which can be rented for \$15 an hour. Most Caribbean islands boast about their windsurfing, but Barbados offers an unrivaled variety of sail. The sailing of the *Arcturion* and the *Caribbean* on the south side of the island, off Sandy Beach, provides ideal waters for expert windsurfing. Things grow steadily earlier as you move up the west coast, giving the beginner a place to make his wobbly start. Try Willy's



Water Sports in St. James, or the Barbados Waterflying Motor Club on Christ Church. Those looking for a quieter view of Barbados should try one of the seven all-day hikes offered by the Outdoor Club of Barbados. For \$70 they'll send you up the eastern coast of the island, through coral and tropical forests, over more than 100 feet of cliffs and anything else that's in their path, providing breakfast, lunch, and dinner along the way. But by far the most commendable way to take in the Barbados hillside is on horseback, riding through the cane fields or along the beach. Coastal Riding Stables and Brighton Beach Riding Stables, both in St. James, will set you up for an hour's ride for \$20.

Another authentically Bajan (island-speak for Barbadian) attraction is the horse-racing on the turf of the Garrison Savannah in St. Michael. The season runs every other Saturday from January to May, and every Saturday

from July to November. If you're visiting the island between August and early April, don't fail to catch one of the international polo matches at Holden in St. James.

RESTAURANTS

Restaurants divide roughly into two categories, Continental and Bajan, with the former leaning to the expensive, the latter being delightfully inexpensive. The *Golden Shell*, in the Grand Barbados Bay Resort, is said to be the best restaurant on the island. The *Admiral Hotel*, on the Atlantic side of the island, is the place to go for Bajan food. Bajan fish, sea urchins, and pepper pot are among the local specialties served. Koke's, overlooking the Caribbean in Prospect, offers an updated version of Bajan cuisine, dubbed "Old Bajan." With rooms for only twenty-two diners, *La Capriote Folies* will be one of the busiest restaurants in which you'll ever eat. The cuisine is French and Chinese, but reserve way ahead of time or you'll never get a chance to sample it.

For more information on Barbados, visit the Barbados Tourist Board, 1000 North Broad Street, New York, NY 10002, or Barbados Tourism, 1000 North Broad Street, New York, NY 10002. For more information on Barbados, visit the Barbados Tourist Board, 1000 North Broad Street, New York, NY 10002, or Barbados Tourism, 1000 North Broad Street, New York, NY 10002.

ST. BARTS: At some time in the seventeenth century, someone decided that St. Barthélemy was not a good place to start a sugar plantation. For whose eye reason—whether it was too small or too remote for maintenance—the decision had but a major effect on the personality of the island. The closest thing to “nature” on its 94 square miles are the descendants of the original Norsemen and Breton settlers, who still speak French the way it was spoken in the seventeenth century. But you don’t have to be a linguist to get around; modern French is the official language, and English is spoken in almost every establishment. Think of St. Barts as a piece of the Côte d’Azur washed in the middle of the Caribbean.

The villas on St. Barts are for those who don’t mind taking care of themselves for a week. All of them come with a housekeeper who does dishes and house laundry, but you’ll have to make special arrangements for a cook. Tipping is not expected, but it’s not unusual either. The minimum stay is ten nights at Christmas time, seven nights during the rest of the high season.

MOBILITY

Landing a plane in St. Barts requires a roller-coaster like descent that becomes unmanageable in places with wingpans longer than a runway itself. In other words, there are no direct international flights. The nearest landing point is St. Martin, 15 minutes to the north. In the high season there are a dozen flights a day between the two islands. When you arrive, pick up a Mini Moke, the tiny, jerrycan four-wheeler, and take a spin around the island just to get acquainted—it can be traversed in half an hour. Rental will run you about \$15 a day. You might want to brush up on your stick-shifting before you get there, most of the vehicles are standard shift.

DISTRACTIONS

The beaches on St. Barts are largely undeveloped and all are public. If you join Colimander Beach on a weekday, the odds are good that you’ll have it all to yourself. Tucked in the northwest corner of the island, the beach was once owned by the Rockefellers, who spent so much time there that the French would give a road connecting it to the rest of the island. When the Rockefellers decided instead to build an estate, the deal fell through. Consequently, the beach, though not far from town, is accessible only by boat or a half-hour hike. For more action, go to Saint-John, at the opposite end of the island. There you’ll find a natural phenomenon known as “The Washing Machine,” which has attracted a small community of surfing religious from Nice, and is also the best body-surfing on the island. The modern is the seat of preference on all of the island’s beaches except Grande Saline. St.

Barts’ unofficial nude beach.

The best surfing and water is at the beaches on the south side of the island. You can arrange for equipment and instruction through La Caléche or Louisa’s Marine, in Gustavia Harbor. St. John and Grand Cal-de-Sac beaches are the center for waterfaring. You can rent gear and take lessons from the Tern Beach Hotel, at Jack’s on St. Jean, or at Wind Wave Power on Grand Cal-de-Sac. Coast is spending \$10 for an hour lesson, \$17 for a half-hour lesson. St. Barts isn’t the place for inner tube, although most towns can be arranged through several of the local hotels. There is no golf.

SUSTAINANCE

As you might expect of a French property, the cuisine is high society and fancy. With no restaurants and no night life to speak of, dining is the focal point of the evening’s activity. Viewing it this way also makes it easier to pay the tabs, which both wine and seafood \$60 per person in the more expensive establishments. Au Petit, in Gustavia, is a small restaurant with a large menu and a great view of the harbor. It’s a favorite for diners. Try La Langoustine, known locally as Annie’s, for good croque-madame. Anne herself likes to come out of the kitchen in great periods, used by bringing along a few spicy lobster tails for savor. Chao Francine, on St. Jean beach, attracts a bit of a clientele for pulled steaks and lobster tails, good premier cru, and delectable tarts for dessert. Another popular lunch spot is the tiny Le Tamaris, a few minutes’ drive from Solier beach, where you can enjoy a meal in the shade of an ancient, gnarled tree under the one-watchful eye of the owner’s talking parrot. — Sam Lett, Caribbea, St. John, St. Barts, for your last night on the island. The scenery of an spectacular harbor view of the harbor and offshore islands is one you’ll want to bring home with you. The food is fancy French, and the prices are, needless to say, expensive.

On St. Barts it’s possible to rent villas as small as one bedroom and as large as four. Houses are simply, albeit tastefully, appointed. The one on the St. Jean Islands, in a sea of water, is a luxury. It has a pool, a hot tub, a hot enough place to stock a small botanical garden. Perches on both floors overlook St. John Bay and its offshore islands. It rents for \$13,250 a week.

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Ned Stiles Management Company
(WIMCO)
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JAMAICA There's an intensity on Jamaica that you won't find in any of its West Indian neighbors: intense natural beauty, intense music, and as the Rastafarians demonstrate, intense devotion to certain political causes. On an island as large as Jamaica, it's important to narrow your choice of reference to a specific location before you even begin. Ocho Rios, in the middle of the north coast, offers both the serenity of an atoll. Montego Bay and the tranquillity of the hard-to-reach Port Antonio.

The attractions of visiting in Jamaica are its prices and the availability of its villas. It also offers a range of accommodations found nowhere else in the Caribbean. On the upper end of the scale, villas come fully staffed with cook, maid, and gardener. At the end of the week, a tip of 10 percent of the normal price is expected.

Middle: American, Eastern, Air Jamaica, and Challenge Air Lines fly to Montego Bay from the States. From there, catch a taxi, which should be arranged in advance (your travel agent, or avoid a \$40 cab fare). Ocho Rios is about an hour and forty minutes' drive east of the airport.

Distractions: With the possible exception of isolation, Jamaica has everything you could ever want from a Caribbean island. So when you're in Ocho Rios, you should make a trip to Dunn's River Falls, to get it out of the way. While we guarantee you won't be the only people there, it's amazing nonetheless: six hundred feet of cascades flowing down the side of a mountain, under the moon, and into the sea. Climb to the top and have a picnic.

There is an exclusive hole course at the Viceroy Country Club, but avid players will want to make the twenty-five-minute trip to the course at Runaway Bay. Eighteen holes of golf will cost you \$18 at Upton, \$14 at Runaway Bay. The top riding outfit on the island is Cheeka's Creek Farm, on an estate just west of Ocho Rios. There you can not only ride the tracks, you can actually take a few introductory polo lessons for \$25 a half hour. At last count there were twenty-two tennis courts at Ocho Rios alone, most of them attached to one of the resort's villas. Most courts can use the courts at a cost of \$6 to \$8 per hour.

There is no reason for failing to take advantage of Jamaica's water sports. The waters off Jamaica's north shore are rife with blue marlin, wahoo, kingfish, barracuda, and a slew of other game fish. Half and full day trips can be arranged for \$170 and \$420, respectively. There are seven night scuba and snorkeling outfits in Ocho Rios. More joined water aficionados will have to try jet-skiing, offered on Turtle Bay in Ocho Rios for \$15 per half hour.

On every beach in Jamaica you will have to contend with "beachies," unsavory trying to sell you anything and everything from coconuts to cocaine. In Ocho Rios, though, the beaches are quiet and considerably less trouble ridden than those at Negril or Montego Bay.

Sightseeing: Just as hard as it is to figure out what to do, so it is to New York. Every town on the island, you'll find streets teeming with the highly decorated, delightfully smoked meat. But try not to spoil your appetite. Because Ocho Rios has a number of restaurants that are worth looking out for. The Mains serves Chinese dishes in a walled-in garden. Little Pub is a casual lunch and dinner spot serving such local favorites as mountain fish, conch salad, and a range of soups from pepper pot to pumpkin.

Canavara, the aptly named dining room of the Stone House Hotel, has built its reputation on its flambeed and its homemade pastas. Mongoose is an elegant, albeit expensive, dining spot overlooking the sea. Its specialties include fresh fish and lobster, salad, mussels and crisp, beefy chicken. Almost Tree is another home-style Jamaican restaurant tucked into the unperfected-mountain back porch of the tiny its house Lodge.



For \$2,800 you can rent Casanova Villa in Ocho Rios, secluded in its own private cove and surrounded by two and a half acres of tropical gardens. The three-bedroom house has its own pool, a staff of three, and is three minutes away from the nearest beach. Guests also have free use of the beach cove, beach facilities, and botanical gardens at the neighboring Shaw Park Beach Hotel.

Contact:
Jean Emmett's Villa World
484 Bloomfield Avenue, Suite 24
Muhlenberg, New Jersey 07342
800-943-5678 or 201-783-6836



a bit puzzling. "Well, investigators, how do you define investigation?" It's not our mission to prove that all public officials are scoundrels, or that most are, or that you have to start with the assumption they are. Our investigative reporting—and your checklist at that—has our readers think it's investigative reporting when we present the only picture the real audience out there gets of the salacious and sinister of all the big jobs in the country. Most investigative reporting is designed to define the scoundrels and point them as scoundrels and not 'out of town.' That's not our mission."

Newshirth said his editors think they are changing the terms of journalism. "As I look back on it, it's not specific marks that I'm proud of," says editor John Quinn. "It's the whole comprehensive approach. It's the style and drive of the newspaper. I'm looking more at the continuity of the package than for big hits in journalism. See, what our people do on O'Leary night is as important as what we do on election night."

"Have you ever noticed that when you get together with your friends that this is the sort of thing you talk about?" says Bruce Oiler, assistant features editor of the Life section. "You're probably talking about Phil Spector Allen, mentioning some intellectual discussions of what's happening in Capitol Hill."

Newspaper has always recognized their unusual function. In 1770 the *New York Gazette* wrote:

"It is much (and difference to the college) Newspapers are the signs of knowledge. The general source throughout the nation of every modern conversation."

For centuries since, people have begun conversations weighing or not, with "Did you read in the paper that..." But most serious newspaper editors do not view themselves as twirling party heads who bring up "amusing" topics to get the guests "going." If the information they approach, say, is the Los Angeles Times, it would be counterproductive to begin by saying it is an amusing footnote to the news. In USA Today everything is substantive.

Newshirth's editor has another. He refers to the common feeling that the world—the world of fashions, wars, politics, and celebrities—is too much with us. More than three paragraphs of Guatemala and your eye is lost. Newshirth serves his paper jump-side up.

The introduction Newshirth had to face on Sept. 14, 1962, allowed him to set the tone for the five years ahead. That day, Lebanese politician-elect Butler Gemayel was assassinated and President Gemayel died from a car wreck in Monaco. At second dead line, Newshirth wanted a bank, according to *The Making of Mr. X*. He was driven by time to his suite at the Capital Hilton hotel and made a quick trip to the bar for a martini. He dis-

Seat-belt use is up; salt use is down

By Michelle Newby
USA TODAY

The USA's health habits are improving — gradually — in a new survey.

Based upon the new National Survey of 1,200 U.S. residents, we've found out what we've done well and what we've done poorly. The USA's overall score is 42 out of 100, a 44 in 1961 and 41.5 in 1962. The first year of the survey was a low.

"Generally we're taking better care of ourselves," but

we're still a long way from perfect," says Dr. Lawrence

Newshirth makes little of these or any other facts.

In his paper, facts are popcorn, neither offensive nor nourishing.

They just are.

and that everyone was talking about Grace Kelly. Newshirth mentioned the assassination to Lebanon. No one cared.

"So I went back to the newsmen and told everyone, 'No question, the lead story has to be Princess Grace.' " The lead story was America's success since the end of MONACO. The "major" papers played the Gemayel story in the lead. Curiously, no one could possibly believe that people would be talking in offices and drug stores about Lebanon that day. But the Gemayel death was a timing point in one of the most violent places in the world. Newshirth did not care. He stayed true to his view to publish a paper valued "by the people."

That later Gemayel was burned to death in Lebanon, and in USA Today.

Newshirth still keeps that evidence a binder, and during an interview in his office he threw a coin his desk to convey the old headline. "It was the story our audience was interested in," he says.

The second most prominent story that day provided an opportunity to establish its veracity of opinion. A plane crash in Spain was

an obvious front-page story. The first headline read "135 die in fiery crash." Not apparent enough. Newshirth changed it to "Miracle 327 survive, 35 die." "We played guilty to the fact that we put a positive spin on things when we ran," Newshirth says. "We don't want with the presumption that the country was to hell as a headlined yesterday and therefore that would be projected this morning."

Ask staffers, from Newshirth down, what journalists they are proud of after five years, and many, Newshirth included, will talk only glancingly of serious stories, preferring to stick with "packaging." "The philosophy of easy-to-find, easy-to-read," and how it is "harder to write [the modern day]." Several stories and projects are mentioned regularly: coverage of the Los Angeles Olympics and, above all, coverage of the Challenger disaster, which included the headline request "DON'T POSSIBLY. FUTURE BELONGS TO THE BRANT."

Time creates the emphasis, even the content, of USA Today. An environmental report or a decision it was going to be about trying to write "happy news" about death. Editors would say everything should have an "up," "today" angle.

"I got better play with good news, like when New York City made 'New York, New York' its official song," says John McElwain, who left reporting to work on public relations for General. "I've spent years reporting, and I tried to do my job right away. I covered the Saigon-Tam magazine that told, and that there taking more like everyone else, trying to think about what the defense would do next, what it meant, the usual things. Then they'd give me about one paragraph of space. But they've got a lot of young people who are happy when they get the little paragraphs. It's a different kind of place. It's like a specialty."

"When I worked there, people seemed like nineties or nineties kids," says one former staff writer. "Everyone had long hair and wore the white suits of 'We're no better than The New York Times' or 'The Washington Post, we're just different.'"

USA Today isn't much for brains or character. It also is to be loved for its good looks and money personality. It is a choice.

UNDER THE PRESENT GENERATION of Silbersteins, Grushins, and Chaudhry, Al Newshirth is a small new kind of ordinary reporter in a new world. When he became a big success, he would have been named as the most successful in the world. He was born in Elmhurst, South Dakota (population 1,300) and worked in the composing room of the *Albany Journal*. This family was poor and got poorer when Newshirth's father died after a first accident.

Newshirth went to Northern State Teachers College for a few months before entering to



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ANATOMY OF A STICKER PRICE

Why buy one paltry Aston Martin Lagonda when you can buy thirty Subaru Justys? For the burr walnut cappings, of course

By JOSEPH HOOPER

As far thing Americans, we have always had a soft spot for the good deal—the Model T, the Volkswagen Beetle, the Ford Honda Civic. These days we are following a new generation of cars, just as economical but with heavier names—the Naga, the Hyundai and the Subaru Justy GL. (at \$5,495 Japan's cheapest export). Though cheap is always good news, sometimes it's a double-edged sword. Just five years ago we were led to believe that a \$5,500 car was the right expense that Japan could afford to make in any reasonable quantity. Where did Subaru's answer \$1,000 worth of expendable luxury in an economy car? We decided to take a close look at the Justy and with it, another car: the Lagonda. Aston Martin's four-door sedan that sells for the not inconsiderable sum of \$167,000. (At that price, Aston might consider throwing in a free Justy—the doggy that comes with the yard.) Naturally we wanted to get a feel for the range of today's car market, but we also wanted to satisfy a more elemental curiosity: Why do things cost what they do? A Lagonda is thirty-one times more expensive than the Justy. Is it thirty-one times better? If not, how much extra car will \$161,505 buy you? We figured each car would tell us something about the other and, as we pursued our reactions to the basic personality of the Justy and the elite of the Lagonda, we found the Lagonda something about ourselves as well.

At the end of our study, we came to the obvious conclusion that numbers don't tell the whole story—just think about your last car purchase. We really had to drive the Justy and the Lagonda to see how the cars added up. Despite its small engine, the Justy proved quick and nimble, being up to all those adjectives reserved for woodland animals and suburban packs. The Justy promises no economic transport and it delivers—100 percent. The Lagonda promises a lot more. Perfect car was the best we could expect for \$167,000. Driving the Lagonda, we didn't have a breath of what Aston is known for: power. Power delivery is all in the smooth, effortless way of working. The car was made steady at the high speeds and we observed about the small of leather for some time afterward. Though selection is a consideration for some, but we checked our bank better matters and, alas, came up 70 percent short.

Subaru Justy is a seven-speed in New York.



The Justy DL \$5,495

When you produce a lot of one-size-fits-all, the costlier thing goes down. This is called economies of scale, and you know it from your first car class. Ford's heavy-duty line is now gaining up to 10 percent in sales share to produce the most successful of all cars, the *Corollas*. And it's true to produce the most successful car, you have to go into the *Jeeps*—the golfers, the skiers, the anglers—costing less to produce than the components that go into a \$65,000 car. Where the company saves money is on the nonmechanical packaging: the body, the interior, the instrumentation, and the tires. Still at \$24,495, it's a success. Profit margins had to be shaved to produce the *Corollas*. Now the factory wants for these high-volume orders to make the enterprise work.



CUSTOMER: Jutzy buyers fall into two camps: the young, single consumer and the married couple buying an additional family car. The first Jutzy buyers, figures Charles D. Maher, Subaru of America's VP of sales and marketing, are "Subaru people," former or current owners of Nissan Subarus.

SELECTED REFERENCES

[illegible]

BODY: \$864 It's closer to "space-age Fordism," one of the top technical people at Subaru of America. After a ten-minute roll of steel is cut up to make twenty car bodies, the car starts out on the assembly line as a floor pan. One robot arm grabs the pan, another arm positions an inner fender panel, a third machine makes the electric steel weld, and three hours later the car is assembled. One production line fits all three thousand possible permutations of the Subaru car. Laid out before you is a car body that will be made in this country, which will be sold in the United States.

The conclusion of *Judy* may sound a little impersonal, but Fujii still needs humans to check the forest over.

TRANSMISSION: \$188 Parts for the five-speed manual gearbox are bought in bulk from large Japanese subcontractors and assembled at the Fiat factory. The subcontracting companies often pay their workers at a significantly lower rate than the major car makers do, and these savings are duly passed on to Fiat.

SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED The Jody comes equipped with worked disc brakes and self-adjusting rear drum brakes. Blue tapekeys would have been preferable, but sometimes the Jody is as adept at cutting corners as it is at taking them.

SUSPENSION AND WHEELS: \$220 The best suspension is a spring and shock in one and average cost. The ubiquitous MacPherson strut, but the rear suspension is fully independent, not to be overlooked, too.

LABOR: \$455 The days of cheap Japanese labor are over—blue-collar wages threaten to shoot twenty dollars an hour. According to Fujitsu's internal literature, the days of Japanese labor may be over, too, for the firm's work is now mostly done by robots, which have "liberated the workers from hard labor and protected them from accidents and occupational diseases." Still, humans inspect robots and maintain quality control. Fujitsu paid 263,000 yen last year, which comes to 25.8¢ per yen per worker.



INTERVIEW: 5142

The most interesting thing about the July 1971 issue is that there is so much of it. By building such a compact engine—the block is less than twelve inches long—the designers could include an extra measure of ingenuity. (An example I'd like to discuss is a somewhat standard four-cylinder engine capset, and seats and a plastic dashboard, all produced by the subcontracted factories that make most of the same stuff for the entire Japanese car industry. The original four-cylinder engine only took three quarters of the way down to the floor, leaving a four-inch painted metal step-coupled at the bottom. The entire dashboard and seats were made of molded plastic, and the car body was only four feet long, sitting on built-in four-wheelers.)

ADMINISTRATION: \$3.10. Eight thousand people work on the assembly line and five thousand people do everything else. According to Japanese war industry figures, these people, employed by the administration "unbreaks," make 43 percent more than their counterparts on the line.

FACTORY OVERHEAD \$144,000

FACTORY PROFIT: 50-52.5% (a), for all its segments is building the car. They were possibly not making any money on the Jetta. (This would have to induce potential future company controller to think: Is why bother building a Jetta's line, since Jetta may or may not come to buying a 2002 2003. Is it not too much to ask around the world. In a few years may be graduating into their own Jetta. It may be. Suburban people to build a Suburban people.)

SHIPPING: \$150 Special air rates on ships sail to America. \$500 each full in the States, the Jordan travel eight or nine to see us overboard on the rail.

IMPORTER MARKUP: \$275. Some companies will actually import foreign food items at a loss, so eager are they to build a market for their products. To help Americans get out of them, all though the markup is hardly a scandal. The money goes toward an annual advertising budget of approximately \$30 million, a national distributor, sales and administrative salaries (Harvey Lester, the CEO, earned \$202,330 in salary last year), and the like. Most of it flows into the pockets of the importer's top executives. In the case of the importer of the Biggie (see page 10), where the highest profit margins are \$10, or two years, 77¢ of the company's working capital is spent just to get and justify a markup, according to the accounting department at Lakehead.

DAILY: \$120

DEALER PROFIT: \$5M



FOOTNOTE We also used the Agency's own estimates. Table 11 of Adams gives a summary of estimates of FY 2000 price index components (logistics, transportation, etc.) which are deflated by cost-of-living, taxes, and materials. We used to form the "index of the living" (Bureau's) WPI for the Study of Information Transportation. It had no insurance, mortgage, food, or health care costs, as in Table 10's construction of the index of total costs, as in Table 10.

bioactive compounds in the diet, which may play a role in a variety of other factors in the development of cancer. Some researchers in this area believe that the phytochemicals found in the diet may be able to protect against cancer by acting as antioxidants, inhibiting the growth of cancer cells, and/or by acting as anti-inflammatory agents. Some of the most common phytochemicals found in the diet are flavonoids, carotenoids, and isothiocyanates. These compounds are found in a variety of foods, including fruits, vegetables, and grains. Some of the most common sources of these compounds are berries, citrus fruits, and cruciferous vegetables. Some of the most common sources of these compounds are berries, citrus fruits, and cruciferous vegetables.

STORE CREDITS

On page 138: Garretts American navy double-breasted suit available by special order only. Carriak Andrus can record dress shirt available at Bantays, New York. Marshall Field's, Chicago. For information contact: Garretts Andrus, 138-40 West 84th Street, New York, New York 10021. Tashels & Asper Inc available exclusively at Playland Gardens, New York. For information contact: Playland Gardens, 171 182nd Avenue, New York, New York 10039.

On page 139: Alan Flusser brown double-breasted suit and shirt available by special order only. For information contact: The Alan Flusser Shop, 36 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10022. Alan Flusser tie and pocket square also available at The Alan Flusser Shop, 36 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10022. Outcall Indaco available at J&R Pollack, West Hartford, Connecticut. For information contact: J&R Pollack, 30 Labadie Road, West Hartford, Connecticut 06107.

On page 140: Alan Flusser gray single-breasted suit available by special order only. For information contact: The Alan Flusser Shop, 36 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10022. Pocket square also available at The Alan Flusser Shop, 36 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10022. Cotton brocade shirt available at: Paul Brown, New York; Boyd's, Philadelphia; Ed Mitchell, Waukegan, Connecticut; The Regent and Good Company, Jackson, Mississippi; Todd's, San Antonio. For information contact: Citicorp, Southern Store Company, 79 West 111th Street, New York, New York 10037. Tashels & Asper tie available exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. For information contact: Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

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On pages 144 and 145: Gloria's restaurants at Crouch & Fitzgerald, New York; Abbotson's & Puck, Beverly Hills. For information contact: Crouch & Fitzgerald, 60 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10022.

After: Dettliff releases at Alfred Dunhill, New York, Chicago; Adams, Beverly Hills; and San Francisco. For information contact: Alfred

Dunhill, 830 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10020.

Garretts releases at Garretts, New York. For information contact: Garretts, 837 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

Loose Yarns releases at Loose Yarns, New York, Chicago; Peter Reed, Beverly Hills; and San Francisco. For information contact: Loose Yarns, 30 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10021.

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Adas of Boston releases at Crouch & Fitzgerald, New York. For information contact: Crouch & Fitzgerald, 400 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

Valetino releases at Valentino at Valentino Boutique, New York. For information contact: Valentino Boutique, 827 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

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Malcolm Adelman releases at Malcom Adelman, New York. For information contact: Malcom Adelman, 29 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10021.

ABCing at ABC Carpet. For information contact: ABC Carpet, 898 Broadway, New York, New York 10021.

Plaid arrangement at Zani Flowers. For information contact: Zani Flowers, 346 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10022.

The Ralph Lauren Home Collection pillow at Polo Ralph Lauren, New York; Polo Ralph Lauren, Dallas, and Beverly Hills. For information contact: The Ralph Lauren Home Collection, 151 South Avenue, New York, New York 10008.

On pages 144 and 145: Roberto releases at Roberto's, New York, Chicago; Adams, Beverly Hills; and San Francisco. For information contact: Roberto's, 147 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10021.

Consumer Guide reports at State of the Art, New York. For information contact: State of the Art, 47 Greenwich Avenue, New York, New York 10014.

Salvo Foreign Exchange at Salvo Fifth Avenue, New York. For information contact: Salvo Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Loose Yarns releases at Peter Reed, Beverly Hills, 827 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

MCM passport case at MCM, Southampton, New York, Washington, D.C.; Ed Parker, Florida, Chicago, and Atlanta. For information contact: MCM, 25 Main Street, Southampton, New York 11968.

T. Anthony travel clock at T. Anthony Ltd., New York. For information contact: T. Anthony Ltd., 401 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Sharp Dual Master at Sharp's, Edison, New Jersey, and Atlanta; San TV, Columbia; Omnia, New York; and Atlanta. For information contact: Sharp Electronics Corporation, 100 East 84th Street, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003.

Minimodern releases at Minimodern, New York. For information contact: Minimodern, 30 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10021.

Polo carrying holder at Polo, New York. For information contact: Polo, 47 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10021.

Sharp Handy Copier at Sharp's, Edison, New Jersey, and Atlanta; San TV, Columbia; Omnia, New York; and Atlanta. For information contact: Sharp Electronics Corporation, 100 East 84th Street, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003.

Scenic slides at Scenic, New York. For information contact: Scenic, 28 East 84th Street, New York, New York 10021.

Ty House watch at Ty House, New York, New York; and Beverly Hills. For information contact: Ty House, 960 South Springfield Avenue, Springfield, New Jersey 07081.

Shel crop at crocodile case at Polo Ralph Lauren, New York. For information contact: Polo Ralph Lauren, 250 West 84th Street, New York, New York 10021.

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BUSINESS

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Back from the Brink

The rebirth of Sears, Roebuck was more than a corporate turnaround; it was a revolution

BY DONALD R. KATZ

THROUGH THE INMARTENTS OF THE RAN-
ged, war-torn corporation of only a
few years ago would have thought at-
tarily impossible. Sears, Roebuck has
been inconsistent during the 1800s as a pow-
erful, historic business machine: a carefully
designed material and financial world for its
supplies, services, and protect the American
middle class. Just as the century-old growth of
the heartland grew powerful through the act of
"democratizing" previously elite artifacts—
the automatic washing machine, for instance,
was owned by only wealthy Americans until
1942, when Sears offered a machine for
\$17.95 (later backs down and four backs a
second on time)—the company is now doing
the same for services. Sell the present pro-

vider of goods to some 10 percent of the popu-
lace, Sears also intends to become the chief
money handler of the people.

A customer can now buy a house through
Sears-owned Coldwell Banker, by far the
largest residential real-estate brokerage in the
country. Sears also provides a mortgage
through another wing of the corporation that
might well be backed by mortgage-oriented
insurance that begins at Sears's Desk. Water
have sold to investors. You can fill your house
with Sears goods purchased from Sears more
often located at malls and shopping centers.

DONALD R. KATZ is a contributing editor of *Business*
where he writes The Director's column. This
article is the second of two selected from The Big Store,
which will be published this month by Viking.

built by Elmer, Sears's real estate development company), or from the seemingly endless CDO offering books still on each year), or from the home-shopping network and similar communications systems the company has developed. The profits, the new house, even a life, and just about anything else someone might worry over can be made through the subsidiary Allstate Insurance Company, the second-largest property-casualty company in the country.

If you don't want to spend money at Sears or borrow money from it, you can use via its depository services of the Discover Card and still have access to your money through one of the Eastern discount card machines spread throughout the Republic, or through one of the thirteen thousand other Sears-related outlets Sears introduced the Discover Card—the first major bank card brought to market in twenty years—just seventeen months ago, and 8.6 million people are already carrying it. Sixty-eight million carry the traditional Sears credit card. The average savings balance parked in Discover's bank-like treasury is \$15,000.

Surveys indicate that 20 percent of the public now purchases some sort of financial service from Sears, as compared with 11 percent that buys similar services from American Express. Sears customers have placed \$12 billion at Dean Witter's twenty-two mutual funds (\$15 billion if you include money-market funds), up from \$685 million in 1981. Over the same five-year period, Goldwell, Bandler has increased its share of the American residential housing market from less than 2 percent to more than 9 percent, and it's a rare stretch of American road way that at some point fails to bear a blue-and-white Goldwell Bandler sign.

Total corporate sales and profits have doubled since the beginning of the decade, and the Sears stock price has quadrupled. Sales may well touch the \$50 billion mark by the end of the year as the vast network put in place six years ago by Chairman Ed Telling continues to grow larger and more powerful by the day. With the help of an untold number of communications networks and unlike the phone company's and a computer processing capability larger than any other private institution's, Sears plans to let customers have their psychics enter the system automatically and have their bills, mortgage payments, and insurance premiums paid out. They may eventually be able to punch up orders from the catalog on a TV and extend orders for theater tickets, toys, vacation funds, or Keweenaw County dining guides into their telephones. It's a system that "transcends geography," as they say at Sears. The compositions of today in a synergistic juggernaut, advance cars of cheap parts that is secretly robot, overtly robotic, and so efficiently powered by automating machinery that the whole exists as a single, aspiring

entity, a corporation fit to dominate the future in a way that the thousands of old-dominated American selling in the past. It was the domination, in the end, that made Sears so very hard to change.

Only a few years ago, Sears was doing so well as it was of the American nation, that who believed they looked within the best feature of individual freedom. The company was an enclosed society peopled with hundreds of thousands of Sears soldiers who'd come to dominate the surroundings of the good life after World War II. But the business had become calcified during the 1970s, and Sears had broken down among its far-flung facilities and facilities and services facilities.

In 1975, the mysterious new chairman of Sears, Ed Telling, had dedicated his career to

The papers said Sears was a loser, a company run by a latter-day Babbitt who hated the sophistication of big business, one of the worst executives in the country.

Changing Sears. He was determined to break the powerful spell of the corporate past and to do away with the sectionalism of the company that the people of Sears had been taught to protect since they had "joined up." The family, "the Sears family," began to first moved upon itself under the force of change, and the terrifying sales reports, plummeting stock price, and bearing the company suffered in the past reflected only slightly by the loss of the Sears stores. By 1979 the once venerable company had become a crippled leviathan, and it seemed that none of the men in charge knew what to do.

In the vogue focusing on corporate mismanagement in America, every new article had begun to mention Sears in a list that usually included the warring regimes at International Harvester and Chrysler. The papers said Sears was a loser, a company run by a latter-day Babbitt who hated the sophistication of big business, a man named Telling, who in 1975 was singled out as one of the ten worst executives in the country by the prestigious *Gallagher-Pruett Report*. Corn were flying out of control, profit margins were shrinking, sales still declining, customers were confused, and suppliers were scared.

Almost every week, the company was in court again to be accused of yet another anti-trust act. The Allstate Insurance subsidiary had been charged with discriminatory insurance practices in thirteen different urban areas. There were product-safety problems, and a U.S. District Court judge had ordered Sears to pay a former Sears teleclock named Peter Roberts up to \$50 million for allegedly deflating Roberts of patent rights in a robot watch he said he invented when he was a teenager. (After ten years, the case is still in the courts.)

The legal and regulatory problems seemed so endlessly in the distant monthly sales statements, and in Sears had entered the list of major financial disaster areas. It also joined MTV and Lookbook in the purchase of corporate culture. This was happening to companies dreamed by members of almost every Elks Club and Chamber of Commerce in the land, to an institution that founded the Office Friendly program in the nation's schools and pool, for the daily public education shows featuring Helen Shapiro.

By the spring it appeared that the lights were quite literally going out all over the company. The managers of many stores had been back into such a state "operating mode" that lighting the stores springily was often judged worth the drop-out in the profits. Every store that they could find was needed on the profit-and-loss statement. Since the inventory had arrived so suddenly, and since some of the inhabitants of Sears had ever experienced decline or public decline, the employees from top to bottom started to the corporate discount with a certainly no more desire to discover what was still good and secure about their world. What they wanted to find was history and tradition, particularly the rich tradition of the highly wrought culture that characterized whatever side of the business—selling or buying—had meant them.

Ed Telling had elevated a veteran Field soldier named Charles Wanzel to show all but a few of the store's full-time employees of the company in order to "study" the store's subordinates, crops, centers, and schools of thought that for many years had divided the Sears people in the vast store system. But the Sears system had worked well enough to go to war with the powerful Sears buyers. The huge national free-market economy that had made Sears, Horshack for perhaps in its own history organizations had that done, the two great forces within it was drawing to opposite corners behind the unlikely figures of the elderly-faced Wanzel and his nephew, the brother of the beggar, Joseph Joe Moran.

Joseph Joe was legend among the more than seventeen thousand executives of the company. He was the son who quashed Andy's and Scott's hopes. Aspects with such emotion in the headquarters, compiled, absorbed,



concentrated five men. Worny represented the landed interests of the territories, the population of the Field. Joe Moran was the big-city, big-money, machine politician who had come through a complex system of patronage and deal-making only to impose a new party line and party discipline on the peasants through slogans and fear. Many observers in the company began to refer to the two factions as the right (Field) and the left (Headquarters).

The two men used to appear amiable as Chairman Telling's presence, but after a while, Telling could see faces behind in a private. He tried to bring them together in a private, tried to get them to be a unit, but he just couldn't get the right out of them guys. So he decided to bring the two factions together at Bal Harbour, Florida, for a few days of golf and a series of informal "sit-downs" during the third week of March.

One of Charlie Wornow's V.P.'s chose the site of the peace conference: a private condominium development located just north of Miami Beach. As soon as the gentlemen all heard that there were casinos on the coastline in some of the rooms, they knew it wasn't the kind of place Ed Telling was going to like. Some of the rooms had hot tubs, and if you stood and looked out the window toward the seashore, a number of rather disreputable-looking people emerged at intervals from little keyholes. The lobby was filled with elderly men wearing gold chains; they appeared to be in the company of their grandchildren. The place was an absolute in the extreme.

The meetings were tense from the start. A Field officer led off the first session by asking the age-old question about how the thing that made Sears great was deconstruction. The next came from the Field about controlling advertising and dictating the price of goods to the wholesalers was out of the question. If a man is responsible for the profits and losses of his territory, his group, or his store, then—by God and General Wad, the philosopher of the Sears system of local rule and the leader of the company for five decades—that customer base control over the price at which he purchases at stores and the manner in which he receives his business.

A buyer then stated in all seriousness that what Sears, Roebuck really needed was a \$4.99 sweater. Thus he set back down.

Charlie Wornow's second belief held that the Headquarters program that stressed the goods available to grow the middle of the Field. The buyers seemed to be in a conspiracy to control both prices and advertising, and that was plainly unacceptable.

"Why's that?"

The question came crisp and crackling from the back of the room, and Charlie Wornow didn't waste time to know who'd said it. Wornow was suddenly the only man in the room serious enough to turn around



Joe Moran was the leader of the buyers. Ramped and abstracted, he was a legend throughout Sears. Now Jampin' Joe tried to impose disciplines and a new party line on the precincts with slogans and fear.

and look at Ed Telling.

"Why?" Charlie asked incredulously. "Because . . . you wouldn't expect a man in Los Angeles to have to do something the same way it's done in Miami. That's why."

"Why not?" Telling said. "There is no a class barrier looks the same in L.A. or Miami."

Wornow said he still the only one in the room who had turned back to face Telling. The others sat disoriented, watching Charlie Wornow's head gaze without any back.

"We still think we can do whatever we want because we're Sears," said another buy-sell officer. "Let's look at history. The whole world is selling D-off buttons it's a dollar they use, and top say you could not so much price out of the stores it's up to a buck, money was. That's rampant."

"You guys just provide the damned goods," Wornow interrupted. "We know how to price 'em."

Eddie Demman, the leader of the Southern Territory, spoke next. Demman was a third-generation Southern said to have a southern

for a while. Many of the officers shared to him the Red.

"Our problem at Sears is that our arithmetic doesn't work," the young officer said.

"The cost of raising the store is a postage price and a half higher than our price profit, so it's impossible the price of our goods are rising. We've got a company that's just too expensive, and that's why the numbers are falling on."

Charlie Wornow didn't think much of the forty-four-year-old territory leader's style. During an earlier meeting in Atlanta, Wornow had had to make a throne.

"Well, then," Demman had replied, "maybe I should quit."

After the morning session, Charlie Wornow was invited. In truth, he'd been a soul again since two days before he left the Town for Florida, when he'd received a message to call the vice president in charge of operations. Tom Woods. Woods was always happy about one thing or another, until he had an evening habit of going to the Town at the crack of dawn and making off his phone calls at around 7:00 A.M. When the calls were returned, Woods would say, "You know, I called you this morning, but I guess you weren't in yet." When Wornow returned Woods's call, Woods said he was calling on his Telling's behalf. Thus Charlie heard him say, "We have to schedule a meeting right away, because we want to discuss the elimination of one of the territories."

"Eliminate a territory?" Wornow had replied. "I'm not talking to you about eliminating a territory, and if Ed Telling wants to talk to me about eliminating one of my territories, he can come to me to talk about it."

Wornow couldn't believe that Ed Telling—of all people—would consider such an act of violence to the sovereignty of the Field, and in Florida, after a few too many bourbon at lunch, Charlie found himself ready to share with Telling his thoughts about Wad's call. The other officers could see Wornow's clenching his glass and the French down that led out of the early conference room toward a balcony, and they saw that when Wornow looked across the aisle room to see just how lumbering at him with a barbed of eyes, Charlie was glaring back at the chairman with one eye.

As Telling came back to meet with Wornow, Charlie stuck his chin out and said, "Hawking. Wornow said no like that war!"

Thus Ed Telling began to roar. "I'm the chairman of this goddamned company, Charlie!" he belated. Telling backed his desk and senior executive V.P. on the balcony, sitting at him all the while, the two men moving beyond each other as a single firm, their walking open local and then other.

When it was finally over, Charlie came

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back from the balcony looking constipated, and immediately switched to beer.

THE GYRE

MANY OF THE ARTISTS IN THE BEGGARS' HALL—eight-floor office to which Telling returned in Chicago were housed in a single group of bookshelves set into the wall about fifteen feet from the chairman's desk. The shelves held lovely old books by Dickens, Byron, the 16th-century poet François Villon, Samuel Johnson, Irving, and Thackeray—all of them neatly spaced between examples of Telling's fine collection of the Edisto surname sculptures he had fallen in love with while on a train trip through Canada with his wife.

In the center of one of the shelves sat one particularly striking example of Edisto art carved in rich black stone. It was a rendering of a large, ponderous torso bearing three rather angry-looking heads. In his own mind, Ed Telling had named the sculpture *The Office of the Chairman*. The day after Telling arrived from the chairman's meeting in Florida, he went to his large office, closed the door, and spent a long time staring up at the sculpture with the three black, angry faces looking out suspiciously from one beaming mouth.

For much of his career, Telling's penchant for sharp judgments about people and his natural ability to detect unspoken susceptibility to subordinates before drawing back from the trap had brought him great success, but with the company's ascendency on the verge of what was at best a delicate balance and at worst a civil war, even his shrewd confidence began to wonder why he didn't act forcefully to stop the draining squabbling of the two sides of the company behind two such antagonistic men. Joe and Charlie were an impossible side and had smoldered since the famous battle? While Telling knew he would be unable to reject so much from Ed Charlie—who he observed clanking now by the day—and from Joe—who seemed almost by nothing but the painful personality of a miser, a man seeming glad behind every door—he believed that the time to act had arrived.

A few weeks after the Florida fiasco, Telling went to the Sears annual meeting in Los Angeles and suffered an extended public attack by the company's own releases. One day he returned to his room and appeared and addressed the company's planning stock price. "From a high of \$61 to its current \$15—yes, as management, are responsible for that fiasco," he said. "You have lost your stockholders, your investors, 66 percent of your investments. Many of these stockholders, including myself, are citizens who devoted their lives to building Sears and who have done as their shareholders best is merely to get out. . . . Stop fooling your assets and enriching yourselves at the expense of your re-



Even Ed Telling's closest confidants wondered why he didn't act to stop the warring between Charlie and Joe. But the chairman knew the problems were much deeper—and the time to act hadn't arrived.

players, the stockholders?"

The old General had told him boys back at 100th Street Ed Telling even devoted time to higher purposes—at least the standard of living of the American people—"then the company would 'decide and eventually grow out of the picture.'" And now, in his efforts to change the powerful ways of Sears, it appeared to many members of the corporate family that Ed Telling had not in motion a machine that could destroy it.

Nobody knew how intensely Telling felt the company's falling, because letting it show had never been his way. But after almost two years of increasing adversity, he realized that the way he'd always lived and worked made him experience the disintegration of Sears as a painful, unremitting sort of loneliness—the only way he could describe how bad he felt as he had made his life lonely. He'd handled adversity by himself for a long time—since it died out to him by Sears. Rochester—and he wasn't about to change his style now. He got out of bed early every morning and stared at his deeply creased face in the mirror while shouting "You stick up for yourself today."

he'd say. "You might be all alone."

Every morning the three-headed Edisto stared out from the bookshelf and reminded him that he had to do something "very radical, something that just had to work." He was not as empty of ideas as the people around him were beginning to believe—nor by any stretch of the imagination. He had plans. But he wasn't sure if the hostile and highly polished company board was capable of handling his many plans without flinching.

By the early months of 1980, most optimistic, determined, and committed to his vision for the two sides within Sears were severed. The simplest proposal to buy, advertise, and build to market a simple Christmas class business was now impossible. Even the back-room deals by which buyers used to send goods to the field through occasionally efficient private channels were blocked because the buyers were so scared of Joe Moran and the consequences of getting caught. From store to store, reason that Sears wouldn't survive 1980 were now sweeping the company. Many executives at Sears heard and believed that the company might default on its next dividend payment and possibly some of its bills. Early data about the first quarter of 1980 indicated that earnings would mirror the dismal fourth quarter of 1979 (but like a tidal wave). The quarter would certainly show a \$402-million loss in the volume that reflected a slight \$67-million gain in 1979.

The amazing speed with which Sears had fallen from grace with the nation had so direct an impact that they could begin to comprehend the full force of the crisis only toward the beginning of 1980. There were rumors that certain members of the board of directors—namely Julius Rosenwald's grandson, Edgar Sears—were gathering support for the replacing of Ed Telling.

The inside struggle in *Barbados* Relinquishing would be at this moment with a tremendous force upon the sudden handling of the world's premier sailing organization. "The Sears of 1967 was in many ways a microcosm of the America of 1967. It was all powerful, sophisticated, and in competition with the competition, very adept at the use of marketing. As we the case with the U.S., Sears too believed that the world was its oyster, because what given moment in time the world was. . . . Now, in 1980, with the country confused about its own future, Sears appears again to be a microcosm of the nation's moral economy. . . . The problem with Sears is that the company has just run out of steam."

Maybe there was no more America left for Sears. Maybe the kingdom had at last. And this in the years now described the disintegration of the main market that Sears once owned and operated as its leaders saw fit. The world really did look strange in many members of the generation of soldiers that built the postwar

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early before the left them at the age of thirty-one, and went to the Sears garage in Menomonee. To the west, beyond the stores where he had lived and the corners where he had delivered papers, a new day would reveal to him the old Sears Headquarters, where Luke Brennan, his grandfather, worked him to the bone. Luke, a real estate agent, and when his father, two aches, and his brother, Bernie, had all worked in Sears' employ.

Brennan passed the field in 1956 and Sears took it as a challenge. In 1959 he was moved from Field to Headquarters—a rare promotion—and there Brennan labored with the buyers and Headquarters buyers for seven years. He found a man when he was twenty-five years old and was given a miniature buying department to manage in heavy sales. The golden days of Department 614—men's ready-to-wear—had been gone for thirty years by the time Brennan took over, but soon it was making money again. Next, at the beginning of 1966, he was transferred to a staff job, where he stayed for only a year before crossing the divide again and heading back out to the trenches. Because of his personal and rapid movement across company borders and his significant familial roots in the catalog organization (where Luke had worked), the buying organization, and the stores, Brennan was never pegged as a full-fledged member of any one of the clubs.

After Brennan went to work in Ed Telling's Eastern Territory, Telling asked about using the syndicate power of the "Eastern yards." After Telling crushed several of the old traditions of the Eastern Territory in 1969, he donated most of the now-silent group managers to a fresh ghetto store in downtown Baltimore, while transferring that blighted man's thirty-five-year-old manager—Katie Brennan—to one of the biggest and best stores in the territory. But more later. Telling arrived between up to New York as territory manager of the group. At the time, Telling had spent only an hour in conversation with the young store, and everyone in the New York group knew it. In 1972 Telling moved Brennan to the western New York group of Sears stores. The group encompassed the economic disaster area in and surrounding Buffalo and was the worst in the territory, but by the end of 1972 Brennan was a Tower of Achievement award for making it the best.

Among the elite circles of the Eastern Territory, however, Brennan was never invited into Ed Telling's inner circle. Telling had rarely invited anyone as quickly as he invited Brennan, but the fellow would never accept. Brennan was the grand strategic offensive he'd run the ball out of his store, retail groups, and finally his Southern Territory as he saw fit—just like the wealthy, independent Searsman he'd heard about and observed since he was a little boy—but he was always

kept just far enough away from the bleeding to be as not to be stained.

Though Telling and Brennan were obsessed with monitoring the politics of Sears organization, two individuals could not have approached the talent table in more different ways. Telling was a student of human motivation and organizational change on the ground, most often in the field, while Brennan wanted to know how every bolt and nut in the chain before the thing was allowed to move. Telling was a master of timing, but so far away from the action as to be invisible in the shadows. And Brennan—it was said that Brennan was everywhere.

THE BIG STORE

THE TWO MEN WERE EARLY THE DAY TELLING told Brennan he would soon become the youngest president of Sears since General Wain. Then they passed over company problems bearing numbers and trend lines more dispiriting than either of them had ever seen. The year's buying mistakes alone should have been adding 10 percent to the company's sales figures—the company price index was dropping 10 percent points in a single month—but the numbers all indicated an increase only in the rate of their decline. The first-quarter sales and profit picture was matched by only a few quarters since Sears had experienced during the Great Depression. Though they all hoped nobody would notice, it was now clear that Sears was about to fall to the number two position among Chicago's largest companies, behind Standard Oil of Indiana.

"What are we going to do?" Telling said. "We can't let a company like this."

Brennan believed that the massive cutbacks on promotions and advertising, as well as the best known within the buying organization, had crippled the delicate mechanism by which goods are brought with imagination, quickly distributed, passed within a slender margin of error, powerfully advertised, and gloriously perceived. The process was held together by lines, hair triggers, and countless eyes, and somewhere the draconian policies, although they had turned well in doing away with a bygone power structure and unique traditions, had also caused the closing of the company into two camps.

Brennan said he didn't want Joe Moran's resignation, but he wouldn't stand better implicit accusations by Moran that Sears buyers were dishonest people. For one thing, Brennan didn't think it was true, and for another, he felt that the buyers had stopped taking the sort of risks that kept the lifeblood flowing within a good member.

Two "quick fixes" had been discussed by executives during recent weeks, both of them, Brennan believed, were desperate measures. One was the cutting in of all Sears credit cards

Sears first offered as customers "goodie"—a term derived from the Latin for "to believe"—in 1904, five years before the establishment of the Federal Reserve System ("How long at your present address?" queried the first credit application. "How many cows do you milk?") Sears gave the masses credit because banks would not, and much of the rise in the standard of living of the American people throughout the century to have been promoted by Sears and its credit policies—and many historians of economic development have lauded its impact.

But the cost of financing the merchandise business had climbed to \$20 million a week in debt service alone. Inflation had rendered money ever more expensive, and the loss to Sears of the borrowed money went to pay for installment contracts purchased internally from the credit operation of the merchandise company. The credit card had always made money for Sears—even during the dark year of 1979, the credit division added almost \$15 million to the bottom line. But the rising cost of financing the purchases of the company's twenty-five million credit-card families was about eating net losses at a rate scoring \$1 million a week.

But Business told Telling that the company was already living on its spine and its will. The credit card was too much a part of the life of the nation. He would not do away with a reputation like Sears. *Readback* cautions, killing off the opportunity for young families starting out to finance the purchase of a car or a washing machine. The other suggested quick fix was to remove some of across-the-board layoffs. But that, *Readback* said, would further "lose the fabric" of Sears.

Business also knew Sears was rapidly too limited and position to return to health. He didn't really know how it could be done, but he sensed that the business leaders of Sears could be turned only if a new spirit of discipline and consolidation could somehow join the old-time religion to form something new.

Sears needed new ideas of itself. For a long time the corporation had been preoccupied and distracted to a proportion about twenty times liberal offered by a single old man, but now the great democracy of the American marketplace was in tatters. Great numbers of things that had been true of the company only a few years earlier were no longer so. No one could tell where that job at Sears included unpaid authority over how, when, why, and for whom they did it. Whether the salaries assigned or not, the field subdivisions were no longer sovereigns of any official plans, and the field divisions no longer held any of the thought given from Headquarters with any power. It was unclear how goods should keep the flow from Headquarters to store, but it was quite clear that the internal flow market was dead. The political power of the buyers over

the field was almost gone, as were many of the usual suppliers who used to be considered part of the general corporate family. A long list of "hollowed" systems and managers no longer existed—gone, for instance, was the marketing belief that Sears, *Readback* was the most powerful distributor of goods in the world—but little had been remembered with which to fill the chert and better work.

Down south, Business had explored his messages in the form of "the ideal Sears store," a store operated as if it had just opened, a store advertised by old loyalties and traditions. To many of the veterans stores were supposed to continue only to the personality of the store manager and the collective will of the local populace. If that was operative, "ideal," it was the ideal of family and internal democracy such as it came down from

Bremen would father to rely the image of the new Sears he created. It was a short meeting with Telling that day in March, to meet with physical structure, scientific business plans, new systems, new calendars, and new men for things. All of his work to evacuate the crippled levitation would involve all ways around the silent metaphor that he first uttered that day. Telling told him to run the merchandise business—it was an established form of Sears' life since he had been a little boy.

"You know," Bremen had said before he left Telling's office, "all we really are is a big store. We're nothing but store and lines and departments. We have advertising and operating and credit and service—just a store."

Telling's response was characteristically quiet. "So you're a little store," he said.

"You know," Bremen said, "all we really are is a big store. We're nothing but items and lines and departments." Telling's reply was simple: "So run it like a store."

the mind of the General. But now as acts of such profound despair made people once open to change that over before. Telling had kept him from enough from the fire so that Bremen could serve now all children-white, just as it seemed all was lost, and all the best to do was figure out a way to teach everyone, buyers, more operators, managers, concepts, ideas, efficiency experts.

All he had to do, he reasoned, was draw together the varied strands of the company were within himself. He would try to lead them all through the miles of the store in his hand, just as his father had once tried another time before that day he needed new boots.

Over the next few weeks and years he would stage great rallies in order to convey a new metaphor for Sears to his caucus. His metaphor of choice and words would quickly take the pace of life inside the company, and after a while most of the veterans who watched him work the crowd in the Capital City Club would realize that they were too spread out to continue, or simply too proud to change. Eventually, as Ed Telling would re-emerge from the shadows to have the larger purposes of Sears away from goods and toward business systems for delivering worlds of services in average American life,

THE MORNING AFTER THE INCIDENT AT THE CAPITAL CITY CLUB IN ATLANTA, the scheduled peace conference between the warring buyers and sellers convened in a room containing a large U-shaped table. Most of the tables used during previous conferences were arranged like a U in a horseshoe, and each of the managers Joe Moran occupied the longer end of the transverse table, with Charlie Wornat and his left. The other Headquarters and field offices sat in a way that rounded out from the center.

By the time Joe Moran walked into the meeting room, everyone but Ed Bremen was already sitting down. Charlie Wornat and the others all widened-leaves. Joe ran to be clear in the center to Bremen moved inward from periphery. The two men arrived in back of the center chair at the base of the horseshoe at the same time. Moran placed and looked in the youngest man's eyes.

"Joe," Bremen said, "I've been told." Moran nodded up the second paper's placed at the head of the table and slowly moved down to the far end of one side of the horseshoe. Every man in the room watched Moran nod away from the chair now occupied by the kid, and every one of them knew that they'd just witnessed a moment flaring between two men.

Bremen lifted his fingers together in the peace sign which he always wanted to be his public talking. He lifted his head slowly and stared out at the conference. "I'm sorry," he said, "when I used to run a store for Sears, I had meetings and I had operators. And they worked together and reported to me. The only way I could do it was to have a private secretary who I like a store. You're a family but have to pull back together as one. The merchants are going to work with the operators, the buyers with the sales." Bremen's eyes moved from one end of the horseshoe to the other. "And that," he said, "is the way it's going to be." ■



Oddballs

Three drinks for those times when "the usual" is just too damned usual



SOME DAYS—IT HAPPENS to all of us now and then—you feel a little off-center, a little odd, a little more or less than your normal self. Like a character in another novel. Like your own novel. You recognize the guy in the mirror behind the bar, so it isn't necessary to rain to the yellow pages and look up listings under *drinks* (24 hrs. service). But the men around the bar at postmidnight glow with strange notions, new possibilities, odd cravings.

Tastes like that, "the usual" just isn't the order of the day, even if good old Joe has been starting one up for you every time you've crossed the threshold of the local tavern since the Skatens' last concert. "You don't, on the other hand, want to do something potentially absurd," like ask for a Harvey Wallbanger or a Zombie just because you remember having a great time in New Orleans on your high school senior trip. You've got to be able to live with yourself after all, even if you're shy around strangers.

So here is a trio of intriguing alternatives to "the usual," each with a distinctive pedigree, a small but fiercely loyal following, and an impeccable reason if it's all its own. And each just a little off the beaten track. Like you, some days.

NEGRONI

Vodka is lauded throughout in early September: the season's long gone, and you're missing Argentina to celebrate *cinquenta* plus parties.

1 ounce Campari

2 ounces sweet vermouth

1 ounce gin

Stir in old-fashioned glass with ice

Twist strip of lemon peel above glass

then drop in.

SALTY DOG

Brunch, a truly magical time in the corner bar of a weekend day. If you can't avoid it, or break past up-to-hum bloody marys and screwdrivers, try one of highball glasses in lemon juice.

then so on!

Add ice cubes and 2 ounces vodka

Fill with grapefruit juice and stir.

SIDECAR

Where is it written that cognac must only be imbibed from a crystal balloon snifter, accompanied by a Monmartre, while sitting in a leather club chair in your richly padded library after a lunch formal dinner the twelve starring winks (how far out of her mind?)? Not exactly stylish, but so is the only way to go.

1 ounce Grand Marnier

2 ounces cognac

to name lemon party

Combine with ice in cocktail shaker

Shake vigorously and strain into

cocktail glass.



[illegible]

sure, unswerving, reading
to play and to sleep, this is
an heirloom of imagination
and elegance. Exclusively by
direct subscription.

The use of such data can be used to determine the relative contribution

CITY

1708

1708 28

"How much are they paying you for the ad?"



looked a little nervous to be the very first rule, though. Also, it looked a little negative. Maybe she should put it more positively... maybe she should say "Secret white cake whenever possible. No. Two blind if she was blind, she'd never get another argument, and if she never got another argument she'd never become a free-lance magazine writer, and if she never became a free-lance magazine writer she might have to go back to work as a sales-

Do not serve chocolate cake under any circumstances, Kuban wrote in the special memo.

Come to Bowling Green...



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a new men's fragrance
by Geoffrey Beene

MACY'S

THE ESQUIRE GUIDE

A briefing on practical matters of personal interest

BUSINESS TRAVEL • BY DAVID REED AND JANE E. LASKY

GETTING THERE



Flappies

It's sort of a company mascot, but if you're a frequent Longfellow Airline Passenger on United, the airline's employees refer to you as a **FLAPPIE**. That puts you among the 1.7 million people who fly at least eleven times a year on United—about a quarter of the carrier's Mileage Plus frequent-flyer members. Now the FLAPPIES who flap their wings the most—more than twenty-five thousand miles a year—are being recognized with a program of special treatment. Qualifying for a Premier card entitles you to priority treatment whether you fly first-class or economy priority boarding, choice of meal (others they run out of it), and special courtesy by the flight personnel, who have been instructed to make a fuss over you.

Before it started flying Pan Am's former Pacific routes last year, United thought generous, Oriental-style in-flight ambience was the way to compete with previous Oriental airlines. Worried its American passengers who fly there showed provided enough exotic music, they flew a U.S. section to suit at home for as long as possible. United scrapped the luxuriance and installed a European tradition to compensate: concierge service. Seated in Western business-jacket with red carnation boutonniere, the concierges greet first-class passengers, Pacific-bound passengers at New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, and Honolulu. The concierges escort them to the international departure area, handle their tickets and baggage check-in, and take them to the first-class lounge. On board, they stow bags and recommend all flights on the itinerary. On arrival abroad, they expedite customs, baggage claims, and transportation needs.

Grand Prix Car Rentals

Most visitors to Paris gravitate toward famous modes of transportation, renting a reliable Renault or riding one of the Paris subway systems in the world. But when prestige is important, Avis and Hertz offer a change of pace. Sports cars, convertibles, and luxury sedans lead the list of temptations at the French capital's top car-rental companies. For upwards of \$150 a day you can grovel through Paris in a top-line Jaguar, Mercedes, or other dream machine, while \$100 a day will buy you the chance to whip down the Champs-Élysées in a Porsche 928. For computer-aided sales, more typical rentals range from \$40 to \$90 a day for an unfussy Ford, Opel, or Peugeot. Hertz and Avis can be booked through your travel agent here.

FIT FOR A KING

In the jungle of business travel, a new air line has been born. **MGM Grand Air**, named for the movie company that founded, took off this summer with hopes of flying where Regent, McClean, and Air One all failed—above the standards of regular first-class but for the same price. With \$29 million in capital, MGM Grand has pockets deep enough to serve the stupids. It hopes. The three lavish 727 aircraft of this beauteous carrier (it flies twice daily each way between JFK and LAX) will look familiar to anyone who flies undercapitalized Regent Air a few years ago. But you just a lot more than first drinks and headsets in what MGM Grand is calling its "portal-to-portal" service.

In terms of service, these morning and two-afternoon flights offer carbide luggage checks, gourmet meals, and video choices at 70 percent of the usual (with a choice of no movies). They've also taken out the overhead luggage bins, substituted thirty-three plush seats for the standard one-hundred-plus, and added a booze-and-robot in-flight lounge that looks like an Orient Express for the 1970s. A few tips for privacy or undisturbed sleep, ask about compartment seats, ask for maximum space, comfort, and sleeping, request one of the forward individual lie-flat seats. If the service checks, it wants to fly web-body planes and extend its system to London. Call 800-425-1101 for information and reservations.

If MGM Air does expand its operations

to Britain, it will have to catch up with Royal Atlantic Airways, a new one-stop carrier that's already connecting Newark and Liverpool Airport (on how out of London)—with limousine or helicopter transfers at either end of the trip, as you wish. The airline bought the private 303 of L.H.'s personal physician and refitted it with twisted seats, sleeper-conference compartments, bar and videoconferencing, and a personal computer (just bring your IBM-compatible disks and work away). Royal Atlantic's fifty seats fly five round trips weekly from New York for \$4,176—the current first-class round-trip fare on the majors. Call 800-227-1135 or 212-243-4230.

Lights, Camera, Reaction

How often have you thought you were going to write a letter to an airline to send off about some indignity you've suffered—a delayed bag, a cold meal, an arrogant cabin attendant, lousy movie, second, or yet another late landing? British Airways wants you to let 'em have it in London if anything has gone wrong on route. Just stop into BA's video stall, reminiscent of the old dime-store photo booth (with a camera and mirror) to record your frustration as soon as you land at Heathrow. You'll find these complaint videos, called Video Points, in terminals one and four. They permit you one minute to groan and gripe—or to compliment the carrier, if you're so moved. If that is not enough time, tell them so in an attention letter and "take two." Every day, a British Airways staffer reviews the tapes and sends a written response for each commentary, answering you directly yourself.



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THE ESQUIRE GUIDE

AN HOUR IN OHIO

While the headlines have heralded Delta Air Lines' smooth takeover of Western Airlines, only thirty letters of complaint from the firm's four million passengers, the real news has been happening in Cincinnati. Delta has poured \$45 million into a new flight center there, added one thousand employees, and increased its seat count 21 percent. New passengers to its from Portland, Seattle, Richmond, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Durham, Knoxville, and even London can connect quickly in Cincinnati for points east, west, or afield. Members of Delta's Crown Room Club can sit out any delays in the gleaming new Crown Room right at the junction of the airline's original terminal and its new flight center.

Booking Britain

If you're crossing the Atlantic on business with no time to advance to prepare, don't fret. Multipurpose British Travel Bookings (BTB) can get you ready. This New York City company not only sells all sorts of travel information on England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, but also peddles train tickets for those countries. Available by mail or in person, stock at this one-stop shop includes fares on hotels, country sites, pubs, and restaurants, plus relevant advice, money rates, and photographic images. Once you're there, BTB helps get you around with money-saving train passes, good on British and London's buses and subway. One caveat: they accept credit cards for the books and maps but only cash or check for train-pass purchases. BTB is at 40 West 44th Street, Third Floor, New York, New York 10019; 212-763-0895.

POWER DRIVE

Meanwhile, back at the U.S., if making a dramatic entrance (or exit) is an integral part of your business expansion, call on Budget Rent a Car next time you're in Washington, D.C. The next time that high profile car is let that you want to make an executive's arrival at any important gathering in the capital. Mercedes and BMWs now headline the car company's fleet. Rooms for these upscale vehicles start at \$39 to \$119 a day (including up to one hundred free miles) and are available at both airports. Call 800-527-0306, and don't forget to ask about the Executive's Special.



Down and Out of Beverly Hills

When Four Seasons Hotels of Canada wanted to build one of its luxury properties at the juncture of Wilshire Boulevard and Roden Drive, the owners of Beverly Hills Icons specifically, the two owners of the long-undisputed Beverly Hills Hotel agreed. They noted the hotel out of their town, mounting traffic congestion as the reason Beverly Hills' loss is now Los Angeles's gain. The new Four Seasons Hotel Los Angeles honors visitors stories directly above the Beverly Hills city line but sends it all back to L.A. One quarter suggested calling its fine dining room Beverly Hills Adjacent, a name used to bolster the value of real estate on the nearby town's border. But the hotel needs no Beverly Hills reputation. As the first new luxury hotel on L.A.'s West Side in thirteen years, the Four Seasons is an office garden retreat for business travelers and an arboreal city-center hotel, not as garden-lush as the legendary Bel-Air, but a blend of both—prime city access in a quiet residential area. The rooftop pool deck, shaded by courtyard palms and plants and lined with chaises, is a power guru for entertainment-industry websters. But this is not an overpowering place. In 207 guest rooms are in honey to over-sized chairs and fluffy comforters, to elegant marble baths, and as quiet as frayed nerves require. Ask about the four different view classes. Business travelers will especially appreciate a "Four Seasons" room: a sleepwalking room divided by French doors that's ideal for professional

appointments. At \$300 single, \$335 double, they cost considerably more than the usual \$175 single and \$200 double rooms—but they are twice as large.

Talk of the town U. A. and Beverly Hills) is Lytle Blue, the hotel's acclaimed chef, whose inventive, eclectic menu are as available to business groups—seminars, conferences, or board meetings—as to the hotel's chic customers. Even her last-night menu-survives, also tantalized by the small cold sandwiches and fruit plates. Ah, for a known hot at bedtime? Call 800-284-6382 or 313-273-2322.

CENTRAL PARKING

New York's Knott House has gotten a lot more majestic since Marriott sold it. Now, under the Japanese expertise of Nikko Hotels International, this Central Park South skyscraper casts to business traffic with a new, fully equipped Business Center; a Poolhouse Club lounge; and a restaurant program, and dramatically upgraded dining services to hold executive entertaining. Located a block from Columbus Circle and just a few blocks from Les Miesbachs on Broadway, the forty-story, 703-room Essex House makes meetings across New York board, with its ballrooms and other refurbished conference spaces looking out over Central Park—impressive for product launches. The polished and crystal-shouldered lobby boasts with well-lit, scintillating elevators, but the great floor has the substance of a great home.

To express a business or social contact on your own turf, book a window table at Devos's, the hotel's fine dining room. A Japanese restaurant, Rosky, opened this spring, but take your Japanese class to Devos's to close a deal, settle a play of words in Japan. Call 800-NIKKO-ES.

Westin in the West End

The new Westin West, Washington, D.C., located in the recently developed West End between Georgetown and the White House, is a modern design hotel traditionally featured property that provides the biggest standard-size guest room at home, a fancy French restaurant as a garden court pavilion (at \$40, all-the-days breakfast you can drink, Rosky lunch is already a food event, and, above all, a health club. Not just a health club, but the finest hotel health club in the capital.

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led the flock...



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See Reader Service Card after page 152.

How to Tell a True War Story

The really true ones are hard to believe and impossible to forget

By TIM O'BRIEN

THIS IS A WAR. I had a buddy in Vietnam. His name was Rich Kirby, but everybody called him Rat.

A friend of his got killed, so about a week later Rat picks down and writes a letter to the guy's sister. Rat tells her what a great brother the kid, how much the guy was, a number one pal and comrade. A real soldier's soldier, Rat says. Then he tells a few stories to make the point, how her brother would always volunteer for stuff nobody else would volunteer for in a million years, dangerous stuff, like diving recon or going out on these really badass night patrols. Sensuous steel balls, Rat tells her. The guy was a little crazy, for sure, but crazy in a good way, a real character, because he liked the challenge of it, he liked winning himself, just man against god. A great, great guy, Rat says.

Anyway, it's a terrible letter, very personal and touching. Rat almost bowls writing it. He gets all tony telling about the good times they had together, how her brother made the war seem almost fun, always making hell and lighting up villages and bringing smoke to bear every which way. A great sense of humor, too. Like the time

at this point when he went fishing with a whole damn crew of hand grenades. Probably the funnest thing in world history, Rat says, all that god, about twenty all-knowing dead gods. Fat. His brother, he had the right attitude. He knew how to have a good time. On Halloween, the real hot spooky night, the dude painted up his body all different colors and puts on this weird music and goes out on ambush almost stark naked, just boots and balls and an M-16. A tremendous human being, Rat says. Pretty much sometimes, but you could trust him with your life.

And then the letter gets very sad and serious. Rat pours his heart out. He says he loved the guy—the guy was his best friend in the world. They were like soul mates, he says, like twins in something, they had a whole lot in common. He tells the guy's sister he'll look her up when the war's over.

So what happens?

Rat sends the letter. He waits two months. The dumb niece never writes back.

A TRUE WAR STORY IS NEVER MORAL. IT DOES NOT INSTRUCT, NOR ENCOURAGE HEROES, NOR SUGGEST MODELS OF proper human behavior, nor STRIVE FOR SOME



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HAMILTON

the things they have always done. If a story seems absurd, don't believe it. If in the end of a war story you feel uplifted, and if you feel that some small but real romance has been salvaged from the larger waste, then you have been made the victim of a very old and terrible lie. There is no romantic whatsoever. There is no war. As a first rule of thumb, therefore, you can tell a war story by its absolute and uncompromising allegiance to obscenity and evil. Later in *Run with the Deer*, he says: "Hudson not say death. He certainly does not say woman, or girl. He says cover. Then he spins and stammers. He's nineteen years old—it's too much for him—as he looks at you with those big greenish-brown eyes and says cover, because his friend is dead, and because it's so incredibly sad and true, the cover never comes back."

You can tell a true war story if it embarrasses you. If you don't care for obscenity, you don't care for the truth, if you don't care for the truth, watch how you vote. Send guys to war, they come home talking dirty.

Lennon to Kat: "Dear Christ, men, I write this beautiful fucking letter, I show over it, and what happens? The damn cover never comes back."

THE DEAD GUY'S NAME WAS CURT LUTHER. What happened was, we crossed a muddy river and marched west into the mountains, and on the third day we took a break along a small junction in deep jungle. Right into it, Lennon and Butch Kelley started goofing off. They didn't understand about the spontaneity. They were kids, they just didn't know. A nature hike, they thought, not even a war, so they went off into the shade of some giant trees—quadruple canopy, no sunlight at all—and they were giggling and calling each other motherfucker and playing a silly game they'd invented. The game involved snide quackies, which were meaningless words invented things, and when they did was pull out the pen and stand a few feet apart and play catch under the shade of those huge trees. Whoever choked out was a motherfucker. And if nobody choked out, the grounds would make a light popping sound and they'd be covered with smoke and they'd laugh and dance around and then do it again.

It's all exactly true.

It happened nearly twenty years ago, but I still remember that end junction and the giant trees and a loud dripping sound someplace beyond the trees. I remember the smell of moss

Up in the canopy there were tiny white blossoms, but no sunlight at all, and I remember the windows spreading out under the trees where Lennon and Butch Kelley were playing catch with invisible grenades. Mitchell Sanders sat flapping his yo-yo. Norman Bowker and Kiowa and David Jensen were dozing, or half-dozing, and all around us were those ragged green mountains.



Except for the laughter things were quiet.

At one point, I remember, Mitchell Sanders turned and looked at me, not quite smiling, then after a while he rolled up his yo-yo and started away.

It's hard to tell what happened next.

They were just goofing. There was a noise, I suppose, which must've been the detonator, so I glanced behind me and watched Lennon snap from the shade into bright sunlight. His face was suddenly brown and flaming. A handsome kid, really. Sharp gray eyes, lean and narrow-nosed, and when he died it was almost beautiful, the way the sunlight came around him and lifted him up and sucked him high into a tree full of moss and vines and white blossoms.

IN ANY WAR STORY, BUT ESPECIALLY A TRUE one, it's difficult to imagine what happened from what seemed to happen. What seems to happen becomes in one happening and has to be told that way. The angles of vision are skewed. When a booby trap explodes, you close your eyes and duck and float outside

yourself. When a guy dies, like Lennon, you look away and then look back for a moment and then look away again. The pictures get jumbled, you tend to miss a lot. And then afterwards, when you again tell about it, there is always that normal seemingness, which makes the story seem normal, but which in fact represents the hard and exact truth as it seemed.

IN MANY CASES A TRUE war story cannot be believed. If you believe it, he thought, it's a question of credibility. Often the crazy stuff is true and the normal stuff isn't, because the normal stuff is necessary to make you believe the truly incredible craziness.

In other cases you can't even tell a true war story. Sometimes it's just beyond telling.

I heard this one, for example, from Mitchell Sanders. It was near dusk and we were sitting at my lookout along a wide, muddy river north of Quang Ngai. I remember how peaceful the twilight was. A deep darkness spilled out on the river, which moved without sound, and in the morning we would cross the river and march west into the mountains. The occasion was right for a good story.

"That's that," Mitchell Sanders said. "A six-man patrol goes up into the mountains on a basic training post operation. They don't spend a week

up there, just the low and loose for easy movement. They've got a radio along, so if they hear anything, bugs a colonel—anything—they're supposed to call in military or goads, whatever it takes. Otherwise they keep strict field discipline. Absolute silence. They just listen."

He glanced at me to make sure I had the scenario. He was playing with his yo-yo, making a dance with short, tight little strokes of the wrist.

His face was blank, not a damn thing. "We're talking basic training LP. These six guys, they don't say how for a solid week. They don't go to camp. Affirm."

"Right," I said. "Understand me?" "Inevitable."

Sanders nodded. "Affirm," he said. "Inevitable. So what happens is, these guys get themselves deep in the bush, all camouflaged up, and they lie down and wait and that's all they do, nothing else, they lie there for seven straight days and just listen. And man, I'll tell you—it's

SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT ADDING THREE COFFEE BEANS TO A GLASS OF SAMBUCA ROMANA BRINGS GOOD FORTUNE. SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT A GLASS OF SAMBUCA ROMANA IS GOOD FORTUNE ENOUGH.



Lamon was dead,
lipped as the world
wide a long pen-
ner, who would not.
I was a question of
leather every chunk
All around as those
and fits, and deep
was turned and very
and in my imagination. He

There he recoiled, as we, and he is on the ground. Again the small animal tried to get up, but it couldn't quite wobble and west says: Run, shut it in a beat forward and

then he shot it on the
the whale the baby
saw, or almost
light building sound
one had been. It lay
nothing moved on
a, which were conspicu-
ously dark black.

of an stool in a rug-
ground the baby built-
and no one spoke-
nessed something
something broad-
of mind, a piece of
I was not yet a name

[illegible]

...said: "Doctors of
very sin's real flesh.

at the half of α , be-

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